

# QUICKSILVER TIMES

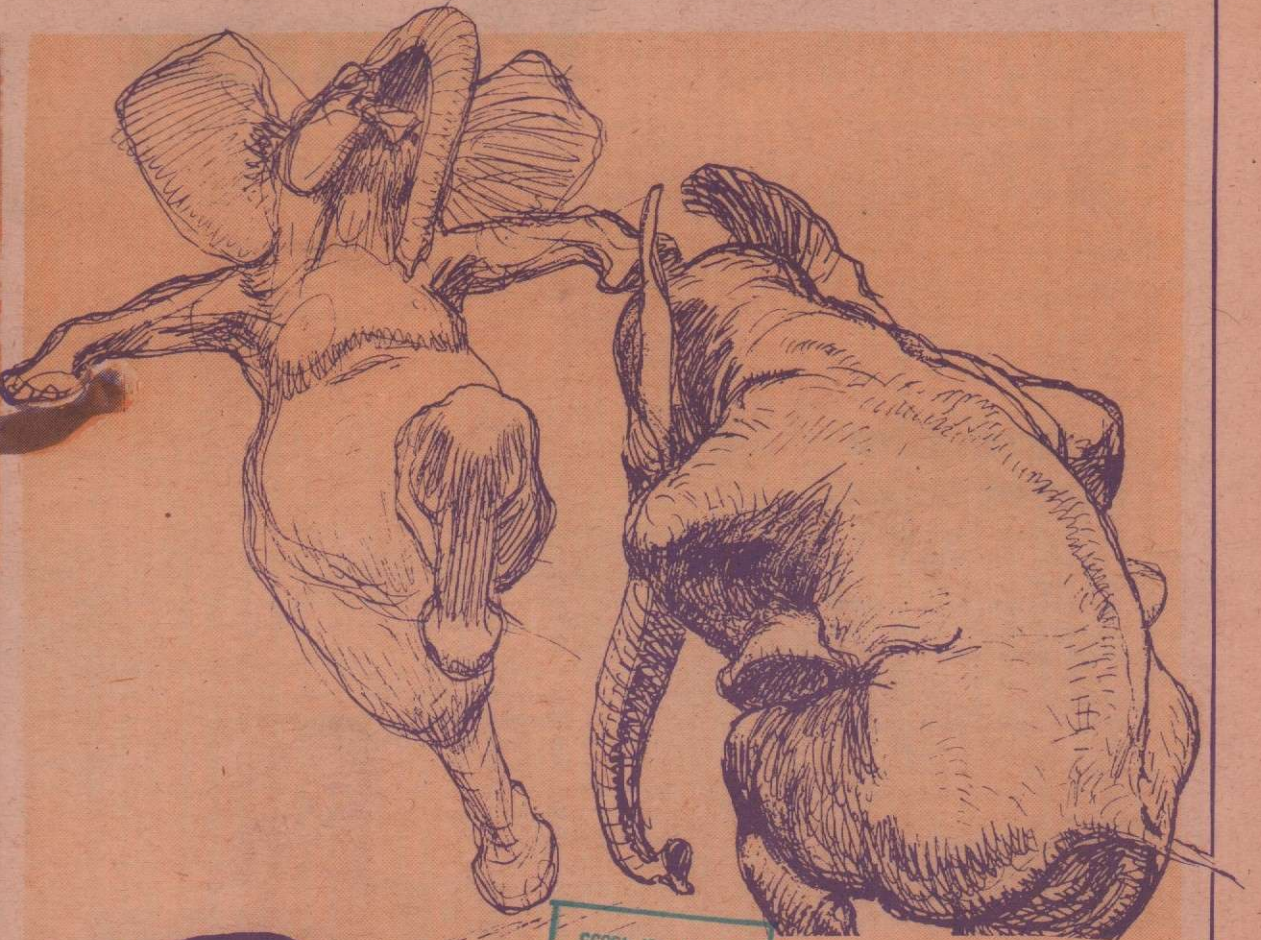
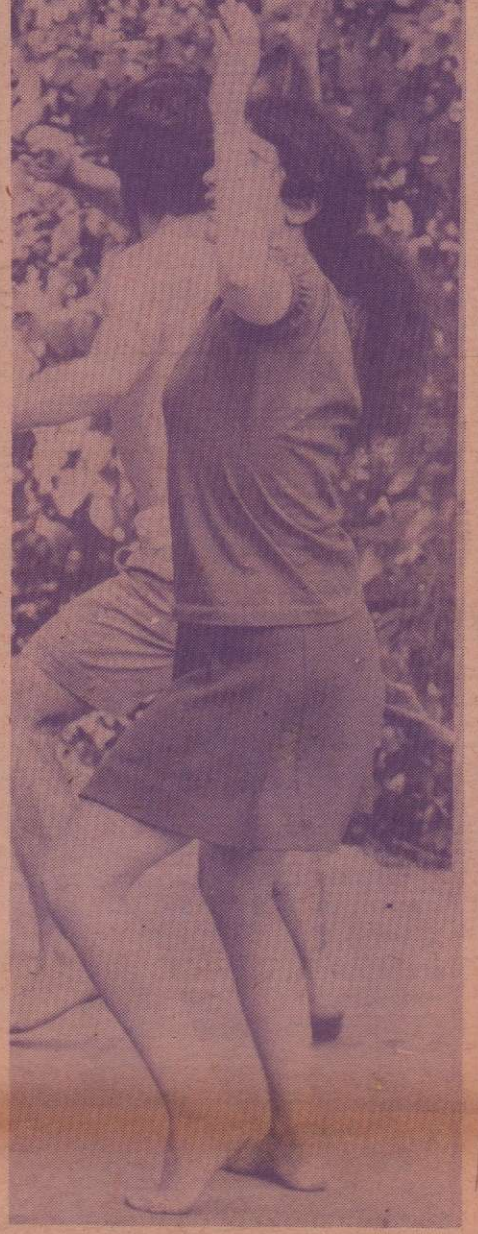
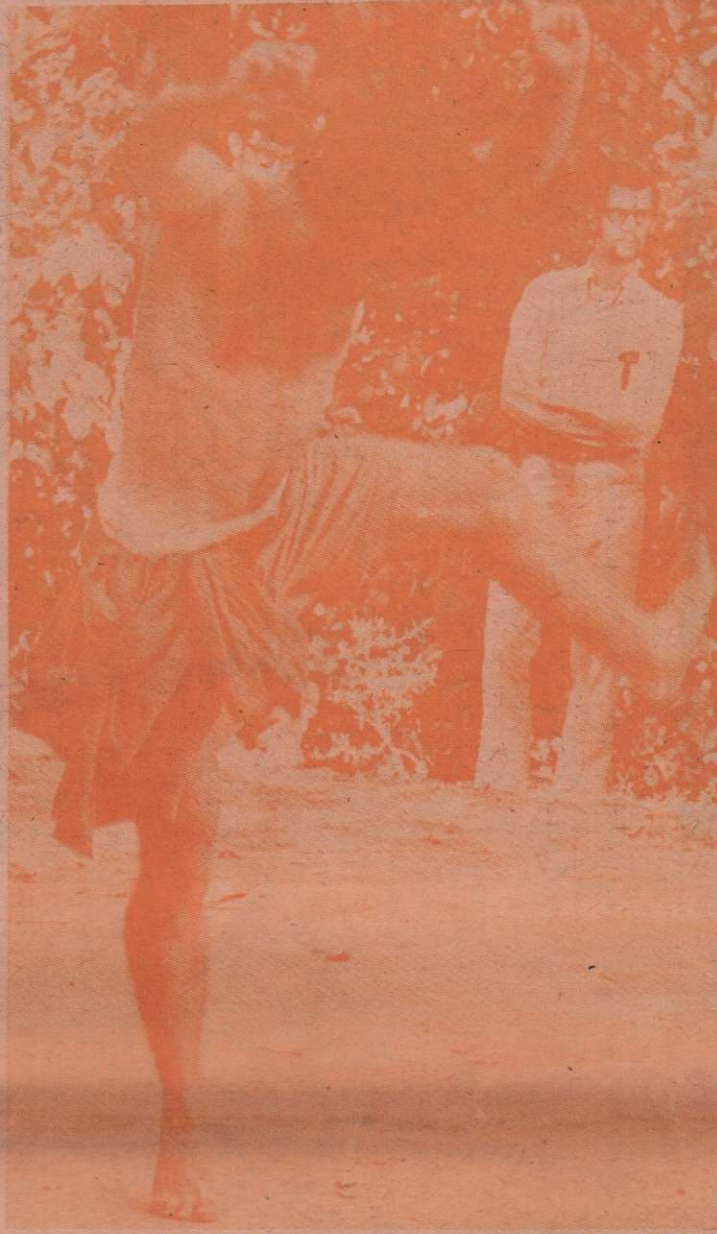
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# Yipi

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OUR THANKS THIS ISSUE TO: Melissa, Jeff, Peter, John, Larry.

*Energy ebbs and flows. Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin slide away from us while new highs of Yippie power surge through the Georgetown streets. The energies are the same Jimi and Janis infused their audiences with the spirit, with the overwhelming experience, of new life. And their ardor of heart and soul now given to us spills into the cities, into the rural communes, into the streets, toppling pig structures and death culture institutions, rebuilding a new country.*

*Spiro Agnew was right, for the first time, when he wanted to ban rock music saying that it promoted dope and disrespect and insurrection. Because it does. Great. Despite the worst the Nixons, the Hoovers, the Rockefeller, the Mitchells, the Meltons, the Daleys, the H.L. Hunts can do, it's all coming together. Music, dope, comradeship, revolution. Tim Leary in the sky with AK-47s.*

*Goodbye Jimi, goodbye Janis. You were too right-on for your own health, too in touch with the misery of the powerless, yourselves included, for your ultimate well-being. Sorry you got hung up in smack, sorry you got trapped into the exploited rock star syndrome of charging rip-off prices at concerts. It mostly wasn't your fault. That old enemy capitalism got you just like it could anybody unless we destroy it first. Its despotism can crush; its corruption can make us despair until we shoot junk. The only way to live is to be rid of it.*

*So goodbye friends. We'll do it alone, and we'll win, and we'll survive. Your energy has been distributed to us.*

Please enter my name for a subscription to the Quicksilver Times. I am enclosing ( ) \$8 for 52 issues or ( ) \$15 for 104 issues. This is a ( ) new subscription, ( ) gift.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### Attention street sellers

If you have been busted, harassed, hassled, ticketed for jaywalking, told you need a vendor's license to sell Quicksilver, told a paper is obscene, kicked off Park property, or had any unwanted contact with the local piggies that you didn't want, please contact Quicksilver staff at 483-8000 and give details. Include, if at all possible, time of day, location, cop's name or badge number, what he said, what he did, names of witnesses, and so on. The more details the better. It's essential for all of us to move legally against the porkers and end the shit they're giving street sellers.

### N. Jersey Turnpk. busts

If you have been hassled, searched or busted on the New Jersey Turnpike within the last six months, please contact Drug Offenders' Rights Committee, phone: (202) 244-6688.

## LETTERS

Dear Quicksilver,  
The article in the Sept. 25-Oct. 4 issue, "Understanding Orgasm" by Susan Lydon was superb. It not only pointed out many false Victorian views but it also brought to light many up to date facts on female orgasms. However, there is one thing she should have added, and that is that while anatomically the clitoris is the center of all orgasm, direct observation of clitoral and vaginal responses shows that orgasmic contractions take place in the vagina and the uterus no matter what erotic areas are stimulated or what techniques are used.

Also, she did not make it clear that the order of intensity of orgasms experienced by women was the same for men. That masturbatory manual stimulation was first, followed in intensity by manual stimulation by the partner, and the least intense orgasms were experienced during intercourse.

Finally, with women being able to define and enjoy the forms of her own sexuality and with men being able to define and enjoy the forms of his own sexuality, and freeing himself from the idea of sex as a male ego trip, the pleasure of sexual relations, both emotional and physical, between a woman and a man will be greatly enhanced.

Steve Sutley

Dear Quicksilver,  
I found it. I found it. I found it. A new way to trash Safeway that won't hurt anybody, involves little risk of being busted, and, AND, is of great ecological value. In fact, so many things, all bad, get tied together in this neat bundle that I can hardly believe it.

First of all, Safeway is a rip-off, right? They sell food marked up especially for inner city dwellers;

the quality of that food is ten times poorer than the quality the suburban stores get; in some cases, if the city Safeway is a very small one to save shelf space it carries only one brand of a certain item - and you guessed it, that brand is the most expensive one of the entire lot. It all adds up to more money for them, less service for you. And what can you do? Nothing. Usually there is no other place nearby to go.

It looked futile until I thought in ecological terms. Recycle. Send back to Safeway what you've finished with. You know how those garbage cans out back overflow because the city won't give decent trash collections to poor people? And you know who has some big parking lots and loading docks empty and just waiting to be filled? Return all of our garbage to Safeway, that's it. Don't litter alleys, consolidate junk in one place, and if a few old mattresses, stoves and refrigerators get mixed in with the garbage and end up on the parking lot, that's OK. Many is the time I've gotten things from Safeway that I didn't ask for - worms in apples, lettuce, and green peppers spoiled milk brimming with foul curdle; ice cream that's been melted, and refrozen full of gigantic water crystals that taste like sand; cracked cartons of eggs, and the list goes on...

Dumping stuff on Safeway property won't make food prices go down nor will it make their service any better, but it sure is fun. Strike a blow for ecology.

Just to keep priorities straight, I have to admit that the real thing to do is to eliminate the fucking capitalist state that produces such stores as Safeways, but in the meantime I'm going to keep on recycling.

Mr. Natural

Dear Mr. Natural,  
There is something we can do about Piggies and Giant Pigs and that is to shop at the food coop. See the article in this issue about all the improvements at the Free Community Food Coop.



### Radical bookshop

The Washington Circle Community Book Shop, located at 2147 K Street NW, offers the Washington community the best selection of hard-to-find radical political and social literature. Operating as a non-profit organization, they hope to become a discount book store in the near future.

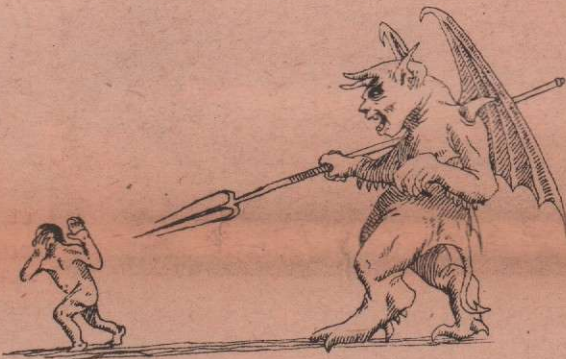
Because the shop is only two months old, their stock (books, pamphlets, reprints, magazines, posters, records, & handmade things) is limited. So if you don't find what you're looking for, just ask and they'll order it...FAST!

For more information call 833-8228.

### Plus

The lab technicians at the Washington Free Clinic need money to build and expand facilities. Please bring or mail donations to:

Arthur Eugene Hall  
c/o Lab Technicians  
1556 Wisconsin Ave. NW  
Washington, D. C.



## Phones:

Quicksilver Times	483-8000
Abortion Counseling	483-4632
Alexandria Switchboard	683-5653
American Civil Liberties Union	483-3830
Black Panther Party	265-4418
Black Panther Community Center	667-1345
Citizens Grievance Center	393-3333
Committee For Returned Volunteers	667-3776
Draft Counseling: Emmaus House	529-9704
Drug Offenders Rights Committee	244-6688
DRUM	726-7405
DMZ - GI Coffeehouse	737-3250
Food Co-op	462-2818
	or 966-4965
Free Clinic	965-5476
Gay Liberation Front	265-2181
Georgetown Legal Interns	D17-7518
Grape Boycott	587-0510
GI Office	244-2831
G.W. University Draft Center	338-0182
IPS	234-9382
Jews for Urban Justice	547-8852
Legal Aid	629-5179
Mattachine Society	363-3881
National Lawyers Guild	965-1144
National Tenant's Rights Organization	347-3358
National Welfare Rights Organization	347-7727
Northern Virginia Resistance	525-9325
Off Our Backs	462-4142
Panther Defense Committee	462-6789
Peace Center	234-2000
Rap House	234-8011
Rap Shop (for counseling)	667-3500
Runaway House	462-1515
SANE	546-4868
Second House	483-0622
Student Mobe (N.Y.)	(212) 575-8465
Switchboard	387-5300
Third World Coalition	332-8771
WAFU	387-5437
Woman's Strike for Peace	525-9325
Woman's Liberation	232-5145
Young Socialists Alliance	362-0037
White House	456-1414

## Where to cop:

- Before and After - 5504 Conn. Ave. NW
- Burnie's Records - 1616 17th Street NW
- 18th & Columbia News - 18th & Columbia Rd. NW
- Tommy's Books - 1812 Adams Mill Rd. NW
- Toast & Strawberries - Conn. & R St. NW
- Sign of Jonah - 2138 P St. NW
- Hen-Lee Boutique - 2014 P St. NW
- The Alternative - 1724 20th St. NW
- Fresh Air - 1530 Conn. Ave. NW
- Funky Leather - 1532 Conn. Ave. NW
- Far Fetched - 1350 Conn. Ave. NW
- Jabberwocky - Wisconsin & N St. NW
- Elysian Fields - Wisconsin & M Sts. NW
- Mr. Copy - 1157 21st St. NW
- Nickel Copy - 823 19th St. NW
- Universal News - 603 15th St. NW
- Universal News - 503 14th St. NW
- Universal News - 735 14th St. NW
- Universal News - 405 11th St. NW
- Capital Hill Bookshop - 525 Constitution Ave. NE
- Narragansett Leathers - 519 7th St. SE
- Warlock's Wedding - 7801 Woodmont Ave., Bethesda
- Beautiful Day Trading Co. - 4915 Fairmont Ave., Bethesda
- Second Floor Conspiracy - 7434 Wisconsin Ave., Bethesda
- Sunflower Seed - 4725 Wisconsin Ave. NW
- Warlock's Wedding - 8507 Baltimore Ave., College Park
- Joint Possession - 7402 Baltimore Ave., College Park
- Sixth Sense - 7404 Baltimore Ave., College Park
- Trends - 925 Ellsworth Drive, Silver Spring
- The Basement - 959 Bonifant St., Silver Spring (alley)
- Maggie's Farm - 1 Columbia Ave., Takoma Park
- Canal Square Bookshop - 1054 31st St. NW
- Rag Bag - 3580 Chain Bridge Rd., Fairfax
- Chrysalis - 10417 Main St., Fairfax
- Sweet Emma's - 439 S. Washington St., Falls Church
- Switchboard - 212 S. St. Asaph St., Alexandria
- Spider's Web - 2317 Iverson St., Hillcrest Hts.

## Bulk:

- Washington Circle Community Bookshop - 2147 K St. NW
- Elysian Fields - Wisconsin & M St. NW
- Jabberwocky - Wisconsin & N St. NW
- Far Fetched - 1350 Conn. Ave. NW
- Funky Leather - 1532 Conn. Ave. NW
- The Alternative - 1724 20th St. NW
- Hen-Lee Boutique - 2014 P St. NW
- Joint Possession - 7402 Baltimore Ave., College Park
- Sweet Emma's - 439 S. Washington St., Falls Church
- Emergency - 28th & M Sts. NW

# McIntire funeral march

Ky stayed home. The anti-war movement had flexed its collective muscles and scared him away. Neither the reassurances of the right-wing nor the might of the U.S. government was enough to lure Ky to Washington, the capital of the empire whose people had threatened to transform it into a "free fire zone" should Ky arrive.

And with Ky's staying home come the first faint whiffs of revolutionary victory because - and understand this at a gut level - the imagined scene of hundreds of thousands of literally bloodthirsty anti-war demonstrators forced the government-big corporation (AT&T, Gulf Oil, Litton Industries helped sponsor the march for victory) complex to cancel what would have been a major pro-war propaganda fete. A militaristic celebration with worldwide reporting showing how the American people were staunchly behind the war. Alas, it didn't come off. It couldn't come off because of us. Pat yourself on the back: you have strength.

Between 12,000 and 20,000 attended Reverend Carl McIntire's rally. It was like Honor America Day with Bob Hope and Billy Graham; simply nowhere near the projected numbers of I-love-Nixon-I-hate-gooks people turned out. And it should be learned from this that the alleged pro-war fervor of the "silent majority" just does not exist. It is an establishment media lie. And that is a hard thing to believe: the support for the war is sham - a manipu-



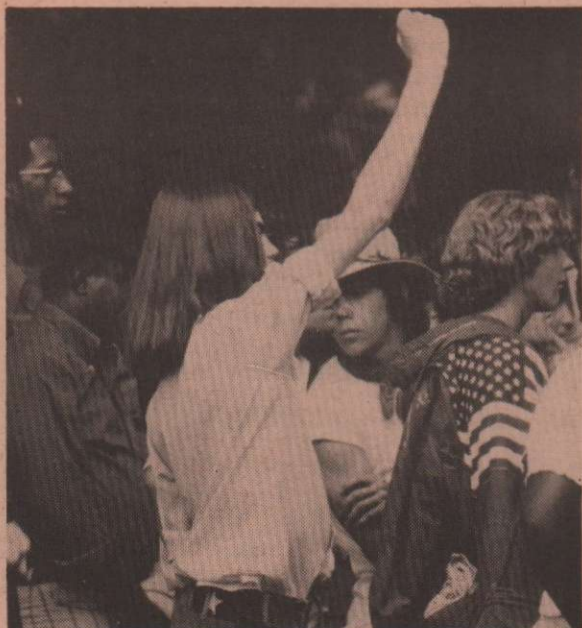
*In the dance crowd at P Street Beach Saturday, Yippie Jerry Rubin swam mostly unnoticed in the sea of people.*

lation of whoever controls the polls and the press. What is true is that most people are against the war.

The few die-hards who gathered and listened to McIntire did of course favor the war, favor the thought of a police state where they are safe from all the people different from them. But, who were they? Old, white people, hardly the wave of the future. Their rally would have been better called the "McIntire Funeral March" rather than the "McIntire Victory In Vietnam March."

The anti-Ky demonstrators who went to P Street Beach for their own victory celebration - that of keeping Ky from coming to Washington - knew that the fanatical flag wavers were more to be pitied than fought with. The two groups mostly stayed apart; at the beach, a feeling ran through the air amid the blaring music and sweet marijuana smoke that the real enemy wasn't the misguided followers of McIntire, but instead was the corporations, systems, and government that fucked them over by teaching them racist (calling orientals slopes, gooks, slant-eyes), inhumane (dropping sticky, flaming gasoline on schools and hospitals) attitudes.

To borrow a phrase from J. Edgar Hoover, and add a fresh twist to it, the pro-war participants were no more than the dupes of capitalism. But still, with their cowboy hats and heavily cosmetized faces, they are our brothers and sisters, victims of the same enemy we all have. October 3rd was a victory for us.



# YIPPIE



There were at least as many strong women as men who participated in the street-dance-trashing-carnival. This picture of a round-up of suspects, all of whom of course are innocent, contains 8000 many sisters --count 'em. Are your friends there? Are you there?

## In the streets

Just when we think we've hit rock bottom, when our revolutionary fervor has been buried by all the headaches, tears, and defeats; an October Second happens.

GOOD GOD! Thousands of yipping freaks on the streets, the streets made by the hands of the people for the eyes, ears, and whims of the ruling class. Fuck them tonight. Tonight is our fun, tonight is our victory.

*Power to the people--off the pig!*

So many faces - the faces of the revolution that I see every time I close my eyes, and tonight they're smiling because they know....

*This is more fun than VD, and closer, too.*

The pigs are uptight. They can feel the power, but this time it's not on their side. It's their death trip versus our life trip to-

night, and they know they're gonna lose.

*Is it tear gas yet?*

Into the streets, now. Grab my hand. Let your head go, but keep your eyes open. They won't let us taste freedom for too long.

ATTENTION, ATTENTION, THIS IS THE POLICE. A POLICE LINE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED ON WISCONSIN AVENUE BETWEEN M AND N STREETS. ALL PERSONS ARE TO CLEAR THE AREA, OR BE SUBJECT TO ARREST.

Lines of CDU pigs, looking like machine-men.

*"I feel like I'm jaywalking on the Ho Chi Minh Trail."*

Flashes of November 15th. Marching, chanting, burning--

*"1, 2, 3, 4 - we don't want your fuckin' war."*

Shit - too much - it's war now, and the bottles and rocks are crashing down on pigs feet...Get it to-

gether, man, and keep it there.

They're ripping off our brothers and sisters. We fucked up there ...next time...

*"Got any bread for bail, man?"*

I'm not alone. I have so many brothers and sisters. I see them fall, but the first window crashes into splinters beside-me. Trash it, man--to the victor belongs the spoils.

*"Want a hit of 5 cotch?"*

WE keep on truckin', fighting, running. Help me, sister-love.

ATTENTION, ATTENTION, THIS IS THE POLICE...BETWEEN M AND R STREETS...

There are fewer of us now, but, I can still feel it through the tension, the busts, the retreat. It's the power that won't let us sit-in or be-in any more, that won't let us flash peace signs, that won't let us turn our heads away. We love out of hate, and we will fight out of love.



Pig motor scooters on the sidewalks last Friday night in direct violation of a police department directive ordering them to remain in the streets. Pictures don't lie. It sure makes it easier for all of us to break the law when we follow the example set by its enforcers.

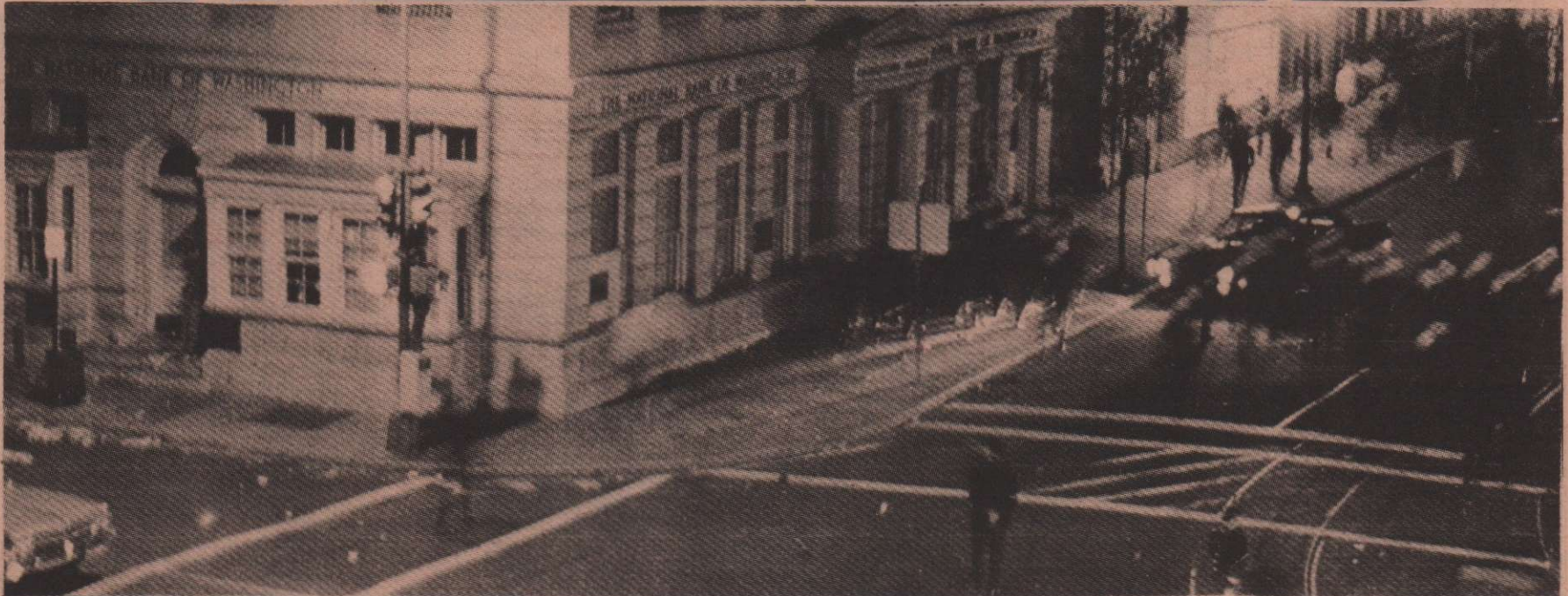


Among others, this picture reveals outlaw Brint Dillingham who was arrested Friday night. Brint narrowly escaped being elected sheriff in Montgomery County recently.



Have the pigs ever made you move on for selling underground papers or pick your papers up off the sidewalk? Maybe if you were a seller of the ruling class newspapers like the man above (who regularly every Saturday night plops his papers down in front of Peoples) you wouldn't be hassled.

# WEEKEND



Not a normal bustling Friday night at 10:00 pm at the intersection of Wisconsin and M. This time-exposure photo shows that the people have it within their power to control the community they live in. Even if it means ultimately with threat of violence.

## and in the parks

Holy shit!!!!

KY IS COMING

We can't let this motherfucker talk  
people are getting

together...

together...

together...

and KY RAN SCARED

...celebrate

Friday 10/2:

3,000 freaks are

dancing

chanting

smoking dope...

DIGGING ON EACH OTHER

moving TOGETHER for the first time in their lives

officer(\$\$\$) what's happening????!!!!

Off the streets mutherfuckers....oink

CRASH!!!.GET THE BASTARD

DIG THE PEOPLE:::::wha? Riggs Nathional Bank-trash-crash

The community is becoming a community

OFF THE OINK-----what are these fucking kids doing?

CRASH

George!!!a communist flag!!!heeeeeeeelp!

these bastards are crazy

FUCK OFF PIGS we've flipped

and tripped

and stripped

and WE'RE doing it!!!

Fuck it

Trash it

Smash it

people getting it together killing death and living life

the pigs are paid to drive us away

they've been trying all summer

they couldn't then

THEY CAN'T NOW

CELEBRATE LIFE

CELEBRATE THE REVOLUTION

WE'VE STOPPED KY

VICTORY FOR THE VIETNAMESE

---VICTORY FOR ALL OF US---

streetfighting

move on -- SMASH

stop getting ripped off \$\$\$\$\$\$ RIP BACK

do it

LOVE

moving with a sister...brother...sister...brother

VIETNAMESE WOMEN CARRY GUNS

that's where it's at

smashing the state

OUTLAWS OF AMERIKKKKKKA

DIG IT!!!!

Oink...friday night

let's go to Hot Shoppes Jr....what the fuck?

SMASH IT!!!!!!!!!!!!

TRASH IT!!!!!!!!!!!!

BUILD IT!!!!!!!!!!!!

FAR FUCKING OUT!!!

YIPPIEE



In this unusual photo, we see the pig class of 1984 posing at the recent P Street Beach victory festival. Most of these snorters have been printed in Quicksilver before; their appearance again is just to refresh memories.



Mayor Walter Washington arrived in Georgetown Saturday night right after Univac got trashed. He walked the streets, reviewed Jerry Wilson's phalynxes of scooter pigs, and listened to the kindly and constructive comments of Georgetown street people like the man pictured to the left of Washington.

# WAFU opens for fall

More and more students are becoming increasingly disenchanted and disgusted with straight society and techniques of education, no matter what name is pasted on it, the man's school system is a dictatorship. We get tired of involuntary servitude, we flip out, drop out, and some of us return to the campus to propagandize and organize. It is natural that an alternative form of education would grow out of the free community. There should be an outlet for those people who still persist in thinking that knowledge can only be justified by a professor or a textbook. Beyond that, a "free" educational system should serve to make people aware of the political basis behind why we cannot and will not accept the structured learning, the blatant indoctrination that society's pig universities are cramming down our throats, why we drop out of school, church, our families, and every other example of the dying death culture.

Washington Area Free University is an attempt at this alternative form of education. WAFU has let us down though, in many ways. Although the concept of free education is indeed a revolutionary one, WAFU is not a school of the revolution. Strains of the dying American Dream can still be found in its curriculum.

We are at war with fascist Amerika: Both sides have declared it, and now peace can never be won by working within Amerika's structure. Anyone who fails to recognize this is nothing short of stone blind. We are all outlaws... It is time to forget the moldy schoolbooks, the insane term papers, the exams, the toilet paper diplomas. We still need education - in revolutionary survival, in the politics of the new nation. Some say freedom is the right to hear, to express both sides. We call it liberalism. We call it bullshit. The whole world is geared to American fascism and capitalism. We cannot escape its presence - it is felt in our schools, T.V.'s, billboards, and breakfast foods. Amerika won't really listen to our side, why should we continue to perpetuate theirs? Our "free" schools must take this stand, must express and stand for the ideals of the revolution, a revolution which has no time for liberals, for apolitical intellectuals, or for counterevolutionary educators.

**Q.T. - Who am I talking to?**

**WAFU -** I'm Marty Adler. I've been with the Free University since probably September or October of last year. I got interested in it when I got back from the Peace Corps; I was in the Dominican Republic for three years doing community organization work. I just needed a little time to get oriented, so I started looking around for something interesting, found WAFU, and I've been here ever since.

**Q.T. - The word "free" has many different connotations, especially in our time. What do you feel "free" means when applied to a university?**

**WAFU -** I think I can speak for most of the folks who have been active. "Free" means an open forum for all kinds of ideas, for any kind of course, open discussion. This is in contrast to groups that have a specific political orientation where they either close the door the ideas that don't agree with theirs, and what we're trying to do here is - sandbox is for everyone.

**Q.T. - Who funds WAFU?**

**WAFU -** Initially we were funded by a grant from the Philip Stearns foundation, but that money is unfortunately gone now. We're starting to get ourselves together for a round of benefits, going out and talking to other foundations. We've tried different methods for funding WAFU, for instance, at one point we wanted to sell our catalogue, but the way WAFU is set up, of course, is on a non-cost basis for the student, and we wanted to keep it that way. Most other free universities around the country are charging some sort of tuition. I've just visited the free university in Denver, and the free university in Whitney, and both of those make their way by charging tuition, or a registration fee (usually between five to ten dollars.) We haven't done this. We like the idea of presenting a free program to the community, in order to cut down the outrageous cost of education. But times are getting hard, so we're gonna try some better riffs. I don't know what we'll do after that.

**Q.T. - Do you think it will ever reach the point that you will have to charge for an education?**

**WAFU -** I'm not ready to answer that now. I hope not.

**Q.T. - How would you compare WAFU to something like the College of the Potomac, or other "free" schools?**

**WAFU -** There must be some pretty big differences, and not necessarily just in the way they set up their courses. First of all, from what I understand, the College of the Potomac charges \$600 tuition. There's a big difference to start with; secondly, they have a set number of teachers. We have a variety of instructors, we have people who have taught in high schools, grade schools, and that sort of thing. I would say probably the majority are people who have their own private interest in a particular area for instance, I taught a course in photography. That happens to be my hobby. That, I guess, would be sort of typical. On the other hand, you even have people like the fellow who runs the Wine and Cheese Shop who teaches a course in wine and cheese appreciation. Someone's teaching a course in chess; someone had a laboratory in off-road cycling. I could go on and on, but I'd say the majority are people teaching out of their hobbies or special interests.

**Q.T. - Politically, what is the status of WAFU?**

**WAFU -** WAFU has no policy standards on politics. I feel that if you ignore that fact and look at our deeds, we have been active in a few of the liberal radical events here in town, and most of the people in WAFU tend to lean a little toward the radical side, on the other hand we've had some super mossy-back conservative folks teaching courses, and we're glad that they can come and teach their courses, too.

**Q.T. - Do you think that freedom includes the right for those super-conservative, super-right-wing people to be in WAFU teaching?**

**WAFU -** Absolutely. I don't think you can have freedom and suppress a particular point of view. We had a course being taught by a friend of mine, Jim Keefer, who is teaching Progressive Legislation Hurts the Poor, or, always look a gift paw in the mouth. "The instructor, a fanatical right-wing extremist, will present a jaundiced view of various events and proposals to improve economic conditions, especially the lot of the poor, the blacks, by more government control of economic activities." (quote from WAFU catalogue)

**Q.T. - Are you serious?**

**WAFU -** Absolutely serious. I don't know how many folks came to his course, but I think that's a good example of the variety that we have. Of course, two pages away we have courses in dialectical materialism, the Marxist point of view. "Dialectical materialism, the science of the toiling, wage-earning class, the proletariat, in knowing and changing the world."

**Q.T. - Who puts out TIN DRUM, the WAFU catalogue of courses?**

**WAFU -** Tin Drum represents a combination of what at one time was sort of a literary essay of work, and the catalogue which we found would be cheaper and a more economical effort to put the two together, so we've been doing that now for about four issues. To show the variety of some of the new courses, we're going to have: Basic Marxist Economics, Backpacking and Camping, Philosophy and Techniques of Transcendental Meditation, Beginning Folk Guitar, Analysis of Power (I'm not sure from what point of view), Dawn of a New Age, Film-making and setting up a chapter of Newsreel, Ecology, Problem Solving and Learning, Art Techniques in Oil, Interpersonal Communications which will be Encounter, Dance and Street Theater, Film Development, Making Contact Prints, and it will go on from there. I think we're going to have a good issue here.

**Q.T. - Could WAFU be considered a revolutionary form of education, a revolutionary university, or would you call it a group of liberals?**

**WAFU -** As you well know, there's a problem with the word "revolutionary" in that it means something different to everyone you talk to. I think that you could definitely consider the free university movement a revolutionary movement. We're setting out, in a sense, to offer an alternative to the present establishment university. We're offering a way that people can think for themselves, a way that they can get out of the programmed mentality, with which most of us are being indoctrinated by the present university establishment. In that sense, I think we're definitely revolutionary. We're not just handing out slogans of any kind, we're offering people a chance to broaden their minds a bit, to develop their own criterion, to evaluate what's going on around them, and to participate in it.

# Free clinic

Having run out of foundation grants and anonymous benefactors, the Washington Free Clinic is now running solely on the will of the people. Money trickles in from wierd places like Sunday night's Poco concert at Georgetown University where Clinic worker Alex Fox took the stage between sets and laid down a beautiful rap to the crowd of 5,000 about the Free Clinic as a community service as well as a radicalizing life-culture activity. Seizing the time, Alex rapped on about the importance of people becoming more than "middle class garbage" by building and supporting alternate institutions like the Clinic. The result was over \$300 in gladly given donations. And despite the rock promoters' attempts to discourage fund raising at "their" concerts ("Man, the people just get embarrassed at being asked for money, they just come to hear the music, and they're just poor freaks anyhow so it's not worth the hassle, oink, oink") Free Community people will continue to make constructive use of the otherwise dead time between sets - look for the Clinic people at the upcoming Mountain concert, and be thinking about how easy it is to have your spare change converted into something real.

Meanwhile, Clinic services continue to expand. A much-needed baby clinic is now offered each Saturday afternoon from 1 to 4 pm beginning Oct. 10. Bring all your babies in for immunizations and check ups. Also new is the first aid course being offered on Wednesday evenings at 8:00pm. Born from a series of emergency classes to prepare for the October 3 festivities, the class is now being geared to form permanent medical cadres in the area. More medics are needed to help coordinate the course, since the response has already been large. People interested in the course in any capacity should contact Don Hanson at the Free Clinic.

Regular Clinic services continue as usual: Sign-in for doctors begins at 7:00 P.M.

- 1) Counselors available every night for anybody for anything.
- 2) Group therapy available for anyone every night. Sign up on Friday nights.
- 3) Lawyers available Monday thru Thursday nights to handle any legal problems at all. No hassles.
- 4) Gynecologist available every other Wednesday night.
- 5) Pediatrician available every other Thursday night.
- 6) Counselors available for abortion, drugs, V.D., draft, and nutrition every night.
- 7) Board meetings every Tuesday night at 7:30 p.m. If you have gripes about the clinic, stop by. Everyone has a vote.

The biggest new Clinic project is finding a new home. A Building Fund has been founded on the \$300 that was given at the Poco concert. And a new building will mean 24 hour services, dental services, and a stronger, freer, more revolutionary community of life.

The Free Clinic is located at Wisconsin Ave. and Volta St. in Georgetown. 965-5476.





# Oink, oink bang, bang dead pig

In our schools, on our streets, at our rallies you see pigs. All kinds--FBI, local, armed forces, you name it. They take pictures, try to infiltrate, and make busts. The pictures on this page are but a few Quicksilver has accumulated; remember their faces for these pigs try to pass themselves off unnoticed in crowds. They should be stopped.



# High school women

Take a time-machine trip back 20 years by going to present day Kansas. The large part of the state consists of small towns sprinkled here and there -- isolated, proud communities of docile Republikans with flag decals on their pick up trucks. Farmers sweat in the sun harvesting wheat all day then go home to their wives who've maybe watched soap operas to pass the time, or baked, or gone into town, (2 stores, a bank, a beer joint, a cafe, 5 gas stations).

These towns (pop. 500) have a reputation among high school dudes in the larger college communities (pop. 20,000) for being the places to pick up a nice piece of ass. After a whole week at school (watching thighs and an occasional beaver, getting hard-ons in class then having to walk down the hall carrying a notebook properly situated to conceal the bulge), they get together in one of the gangs' souped-up '53 Chevy, buy their case of beer at Safeway with false ID -- and hit the road for Madison, or Olpe, or maybe tonight, Americus (county fair there tonight -- just think of all the pussy out on the streets!) They may find some girls, but most likely they'll spend the night cruising around, getting drunk, telling dirty jokes, and silently each one composing his locker-room lie for next Monday.

One woman friend of mine explains the reason why sex is the main pastime for kids in Midway USA in these words -- "They have nothing else to do!" What of the typical high school women's daily activities? Where is her head at? Growing up where she is far away from blatant demonstrations of political corruption, pig brutality and racial tensions--she quickly picks up on what her role should be. She watches her mother washing clothes endlessly, futile dieting, being ignored by her husband, escaping into TRUE CONFESIONS or soap operas. She sees her father going to The Job which she soon comes to realize is the most important role of the family. She sees him as the head of everything, a leader and into things which aren't for young girls to worry their pretty little heads about. She helps with the shitwork, plays house, and fantasizes having a husband someday. What else can she aspire to?

In grade school, she may try to excel, she may even have become class president. But most likely she will be taunted and tortured by boys making fun of her. Sure, "kids are cruel", but in a male-dominated society, male chauvinism is subtly taught to even the very young. She will be ridiculed for some physical trait, or alienated from others by such labels as "teacher's pet" or "smartie pants".

Coming into junior high school, things begin to get even heavier. The number-one thing that most members of the female sect of the class strive for (unless poor black, or hopelessly ugly) is--to be popular and

get the guy's ring! This puts you way on top. To have him walk with you down the hall and to lunch, and take you to Friday night movies, seated way up in the corner of the balcony, french-kissing and playing feelies. No longer must you hang around with the girls and gossip--but at last freedom from that scene, to one of feeding his ego about what a great football player he is. But few girls are so "lucky"--they spend their junior high days accumulating the greatest number of newest, expensive clothes, experimenting with make-up, dreaming about going steady.

In the backward high school of the conservative community, not only does sexism and racism run wild and encouraged by teachers and administrators, but the students must compete on still another type of caste system--that of grade classification. The glorification of seniors, who look down on the junior, and so on down. Thus the older girls get first crack at everything (who's in and who's out) and have general control of the gossip grapevine. Yet even these "senior" women are subject to the whistles and stares of the lowest freshmen boys.

Until the recent outlawing of dress codes by the Supreme Court most Midwestern schools clung to the skirts-dresses only rule (many still do). What a hassle to try to sit in cramped uncomfortable desks, keeping legs encased in girdle, garters, and hose close together to ward off the stares of guys dropping pencils just so they could lean down and pick them up. Then came the mini-skirt and high school women as well as women in general were forced to wear these to be fashionable, ie to be accepted. The women's bathroom between classes is the scene of a marathon of tugging, pulling, readjusting tight, uncomfortable "cute" clothes--and into the stall at last, such relief to just sit there bare-ass and piss.

Yet when these schools finally came around enough to decide to revise the dress code and allow women the "privilege" of wearing pants, the boys put up a terrible uproar of protest. What it all came down to was that they didn't want to be deprived of their skin shows--more than that, they needed these confining clothes on "their" women for prison bars, so that they could keep us locked up and themselves in control. A lot of the pricks at my school told the women that they would have nothing to do with them if they wore slacks. And when the Top Pig (principal) finally okayed the new code, he tagged on the ruling "No jeans." (they're so masculine). This put a lot of the sisters off--who could afford the prices of the few male-owned dress shops in town that were free to jack prices sky-high?

The high school woman is met with discrimination and ridicule when she tries to get into the Shop and other so-called "men's work" classes. Instead there

is Home Economics, Foods I, II, III, and Clothing I, II, III. Any sister who doesn't enroll for one of these courses in all her years at a high school is considered masculine, impractical. The teachers are generally elderly women with a million grandkids who keep drilling it into you, "When you have a family of your own..." These courses teach you how to slave all day in the kitchen and love it, and how to nag the husband (that you will catch in college) to buy you the most expensive sewing machine on the market so that you can mass-produce fashionable clothes for your own daughter someday.

High schools have always over-emphasized participation in sports. But since girls are supposedly too weak and fragile to take part, they must remain the spectators, or as a mass, the ego-boosters--the pep club. While fat middle-aged coaches teach the guys that the way to be a man is to go out there and kill 'em, boy--we sit in the stands and cheer on this fuckedup idea of Manhood which oppresses us!

High school men are the most insolent, conceited, insecure people. They're getting trained to be a man--and look what examples are held up to them. Their father beating up their mother and going to bars, their older brothers getting a flash car, taking out a new girl every night and you-know-what her. And if you're a part of the hip counterculture, get her stoned, put Hendrix on the stereo, and ball her.

A cheerleader is a key figure in high school women's oppression. She's the Uncle Tom. All at once, she is a sex symbol, a virginity symbol, and the symbol of the All-American good girl. Cheerleader try-outs are an event that causes the grape-vines to be busy twenty-four hours a day. Cheerleaders are generally all from the same strata of society--daughters of white, middle-class Country-Club piggies. They are given training on how to flash that big toothpaste smile, act dumb but be friendly, and show your body off to the right guys in order to get the largest number of votes. During the assembly in which they "try out" in front of the whole student body, the male-dominated administration purposely does away with the rule of assigned homeroom seating, and all lined up in the front rows are the young pigs--eagerly peeping up all the skirts (damn! they always wear shorts underneath!)

To watch a sister executing her cheer before an audience is to witness the symbolic drama of a high school woman's struggle for survival and acceptance. Her face is frozen into a false submissive grin or a look of fierce concentration as she whirls and gyrates--and inherent in that face are traces of desperation and helplessness at being on display for her body. Out in the audience, seated behind the drooling wolves, are her sisters--echoing that same cry as they sit silently hating the sister on stage, and hating themselves.

Each school has their outcasts. The most celebrated of these (female) is the "town whore". Ostracized by the "good girls" and by everyone in general, however acceptance will be found in the back seat of a car by the student body class president when he's sure that no one will find out about it. In the college towns, hordes of high school women are preyed upon by the older, slicker or hipper college dudes who "fuck 'em and forget 'em" with ease.

In the land of bobbing cowboy hats, the freak is a much hated novelty for sure; but the "hippie chick" is a different kind of outcast. All straights know from the Time coverage of the Haight thing, that hippies are for free love. And every, but every prick, jock or otherwise, can't wait to take advantage of this feature of the sub-culture. And she, bitterly turning away from the rat race of straight girls' popularity contests to instead accomodate long-haired jailkeepers--will "turn tricks" for almost anyone, in the name of "Everyone's Beautiful," "I love everybody," or the "Sexual Revolution". Yet it's still all the same game of knocking yourself out to be accepted.

High school is the foul breeding place for a woman's self-hatred and fear of other women. However it seems that the Women's Liberation movement is more concerned with acid-dropping college women (who don't have to come home late at night and pretend to their parents that they're straight) and married women in

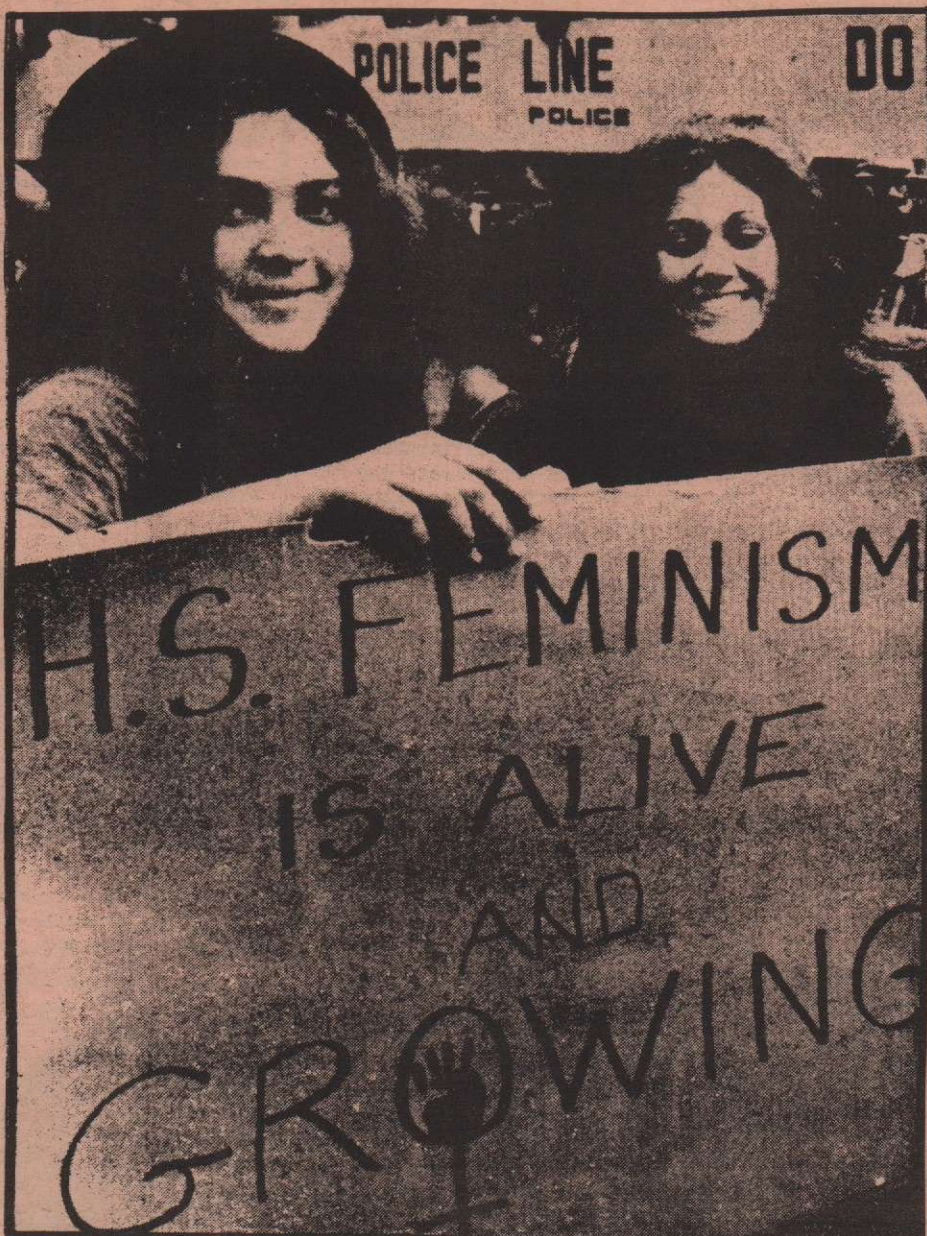
their particular oppression. But high school women can't relate to this even if they wanted to--for they must learn to fear older and sexingly more privileged women. They are afraid of being looked down upon. Sisters, how can you who are already organized and finding each other, ignore the isolation of your younger sisters, who realize not that they are sisters, or even women?

Now I have moved to California. Down to the nearest high school to register, I am ushered into the ominous office of the Principal. His office is typical, as are his looks and speech--Amerikan flags and a framed copy of the Pledge of Allegiance, he's overweight, balding and rambles on... "Great football season we had..." He asks me if I was ever a conduct problem. I tell him honestly about my cutting classes and later my involvement in putting out an underground newspaper in my last school. Then he gets uptight because maybe "his kids" aren't all as conservative as he would like everyone to believe. He rants and raves at me about how one should go to school to learn, and not to disrupt... he threatens that I'd better not try to start anything... Then when it's time to go he gives me a condescending daddy-like smile ("Well aren't you a cute little spunky thing!") and presses my hand with both of his (dirty lecher).

I know he would not have passed me off so easily had I been a MALE.

from IT AIN'T ME BABE

Sue



# Doing coke



Life and Look took over the function of Ramparts magazine to bring light to the pitch that infests and worms at the government and industry in this land. No one is shocked by Gene McCarthy's CIA badge, or Jewish Mafia on the Supreme Court, or Firestone Rubber in Liberia. That all went by a long time ago. In the New Age, everything is revealed: the daily paper prints the underground news; Walter Winchell somehow appears in *Wild in the Streets*; and the devil says that the devil is possessed by the devil.

So I know that I'm facing an inured audience fed gradually increasing doses of terror, evil and horror. And the expose of another giant American corporation doesn't disturb anything. Everyone knows about the Phone Company: popular movies are made about the nightmare. And Litton Industries is just another one of those humdrum growths from another galaxy out to do in the world. Or in the science fiction universe, they did in everyone a long time ago (around 300 B.S., or perhaps 1914), and simply rerun the shadows for fans of sadistic purgatories. So why pick on something as run-of-the-mill as Coca-Cola? Confessions are all lies anyway, and the public is weary of heroin-ruined-my-life.

My purpose is to reveal that Dr. John Pemberton, the "druggist" who first concocted Coca-Cola, was a cocaine speedfreak on the same wavelength with Himmler, Goering and Hitler, and that the mild-mannered Atlanta chemist became one of the foremost world enslavers of all time. *Newsweek* once described Hubert Humphrey, the pharmacist, as "mephistophelean"; but no one ever had a chance to interview Dr. Pemberton.

Once as a youth still in Russia I remember trying to prank the secret police with a phone call. I asked the operator to connect me with the Bureau, but first she asked me for my number. I gave her a false one and her icy voice quickly came back that there was no such number. I slammed the hook down immediately; but with my finger still pressed down on the button the phone started ringing short constant alarm bells. I ran in panic from my house certain that the police were on their way to get me.

The Atlanta druggist cooked fruit syrup, extract of kola nut and coca (not cocoa) leaf, with plain water for a patent medicine advertised as a brain-nerve-stomach tonic, in the month of May 1886 and died two years later. It's happened before after an engine's porcelain screw cracks and stops everything.

But history is irrelevant to the Coca-Cola addict--and I admit that I drink twelve to fifteen cokes every living day. I'm 43 and have been drinking Cokes for twenty-five years; and should consult with healers and religious clinics about my addiction and show them my affliction, but prefer to hear all about

the end of it.

Coke hasn't changed its principle product for 83 years, and three billion Cokes are drunk every month in every nation of the world--138 countries bottle and market Coca-Cola. New England was given to Seth Fowle in 1892. Eight years later, Coke stopped advertising itself as medicine and relabeled its product as a "delicious beverage." The company put its image everywhere, on thermometers and napkins, clocks and small purse mirrors.

Nowadays, there's talk that Coca-Cola isn't something to cure, but to destroy; and this is causing a division of society. When I first heard about this turmoil, it troubled me and I drank two quarts of pure Coke syrup every day--the druggist remedy for diarrhea. Those were mostly imperial days, and like most speed addicts, I wanted to own the world. That was due to the syrup. But I broke away from that and went back to regular Coke with charged water.



Coca-Cola came out with a pamphlet in 1901, scooping by several years *What is to be Done?* The Coke pamphlet was entitled, *What Is It? ...What It Is!*--an answer to the established fact that Coca-Cola was dope. The Coke chemists and writers pooh-poohed the cocaine cola and caffeine content and the newly formed FDA graciously repressed the memory of the mad scientist and stamped the product with approval.

Kola has only 2% caffeine content, plus Kolanin (a heart stimulant) and theobromine. Bromine is a poison which has become famous in Romilar circles. Kola is a relative of the chocolate family of Pennsylvania, and native to the forests of West Africa. This is the area that supplied the slave trade, and the Kola tree was imported during that period to the West Indies, Brazil, and India.

One American Cola drink company emphasized through advertising that its Cola content comes from the Tree, not chemical magic but earthy organic stuff--the ads picture a bunch of kola nuts, green, white and brown, on the billboards, real coke in the furnace, genuine kola in the cola.

"When members of opposing basketball teams drink Coca-Cola together after a hard-fought game, things go better for both the victors and the vanquished. That's the opinion shared by Harry Statham, coach of the basketball team at McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill., and his players, the Bearcats. Coach Statham is enthusiastic about the soothing qualities of Coke, which has been served to all players after basketball games at his college for the past several years."

Long ago, I found myself running to the frigidaire and throwing out the milk with vengeance. Now it is filled with Cokes and preservatives, except for a bottle of gingerale for when I have a cold. I'm a heavy addict, weighing over 260 pounds, and naturally my teeth have rotted out of my mouth and I have throat cancer--but that's not from Cokes. The doctor told me there

wasn't much time left...

I got out of Russia after my third year of secondary school, and first went to live with distant relatives in the Congo. They were small traders and I had little to do but walk around. I didn't care for palm wine being poured through rusty screens, though I drank it anyway recalling Babylonian wine floating down the Euphrates. But I preferred the Coca-Cola to anything I had ever tasted--infinitely better than kvass.

And I have found no better substitute in the quarter century that followed. Drinking a Coke staves off hunger like a diet pill; people can postpone eating when refreshed: "Thirst Knows No Season" was an early slogan of the company.

Africans eat kola nuts from the tree, large white bitter nuts that leave a fuzzy aftertaste and stimulate a nervous energy that's directed towards going back to work without eating a meal; it makes you able to handle it.

The president of Coca-Cola during the second world war vowed that every American soldier no matter where he was on earth, would have Coca-Cola. "He was organizing the first army of occupation ever mustered by a corporation--for the bottling equipment shipped gratis overseas by the armed forces was going to stay there to form the nucleus of an expanded foreign operation." The "Pause that Refreshes" slogan was coined in 1929.

According to the *Exchange and Commissary News*, there is so much Coke in Saigon's U.S. Depot that it's impossible to get in the doors: "But the in-stock position of Coke is very much a 'peak-valley situation,' Exchange officials report. "It's like everything else. We order a lot, but it still takes time to arrive." The in-stock and out-of-stock situation has led to troops describing Coke as 'the refreshment that pauses.'"

People are suddenly very frightened of the food they are being fed. They are convinced, like the Minnesota Psychology Test says, that someone is trying to poison them since the vegetables, fish and bees



are dead and television's radioactively brainwashing everyone.

Reactions to the plain nightmare facts of existence range from one religion to another, mostly passive acceptance and willingness to die soon. There are priests who refuse to wear leather shoes, substituting chemical hides to house their leathery feet. There is no consciousness of human nature and skin lampshades.

The cocaine in Coca-Cola comes from the Coca plant native to the Andes mountains. The leaves contain a mixture of alkaloids, primarily cocaine. In the U.S., the use of coca and its derivatives is under regulation of federal narcotics laws."

The formula for Coca-Cola syrup is one of the famous secrets in the world, shitting all over the Benedictine monks and the makers of sacher-torte. In the book *Peachtree Street, U.S.A.*, the author notes that the home of Coca-Cola on North Avenue

is fascinating to visitors because "it is said to hold somewhere in its secret vitals that most golden of all golden geese--the formula for CoCa-Cola."

The president's indelible war words were "See that every man in uniform gets a bottle of Coca-Cola for 5¢ wherever he is and whatever it costs." And a total of 64 complete bottling factories was shipped abroad set up as close as possible to combat areas. "For centuries, natives have chewed the leaves to induce a feeling of well-being and to alleviate hunger. The effects are not accompanied by hallucinations." Coke syrup constipates by tying the digestive and nervous system into a knot.

It's part of everyone's life and the sign is everywhere--there are 18 million Coca-Cola signs around the world. In 25 years, the price has tripled.

Once I dreamed of swimming in lakes of The Big Drink. For the past ten years the pit of my stomach has retreated into itself and is harder than any diamond. The stone is bobbing slowly in a dark brown sea. A lady told me it was caused by the drugs in the curved bottles. I took her for another food preacher, and these people are easy to do without. But she wasn't religious and ate meat, starch, vegetables and sugar. The only difference was that she avoided things like Coca-Cola.

I heard that papaya made your stomach soft, and the idea appealed to one side of my nature because the hard rock in my belly was interesting but impossible to support any longer. It was becoming increasingly clear that if I didn't reject my Coke habit, the length of my already shortened life would shrink right away. And despite throat cancer, I didn't want to die and looked for the cure.

They took me to Los Angeles and *King for a Day* on Channel 4. When I held my head up for his hands, the gentle necrophiliac smiled and handed me a small gold trophy. They took me up to Dr. Mellon and Feather Watchout who lived on the same cobble avenue; but they couldn't do a thing for me. And then they took me to Atlanta--the Coke plant in the tropics. The sky was blue and the sirocco was blowing from the north; I came very close to quitting.

In the main reception hall of the plant a tote board registered the manufacturing of Coke syrup by the gallons. The figure was over six billion gallons--the equivalent of 250 Cokes for every person on earth (128 Cokes per gallon of syrup). Dr. Pemberton's heart, nerve, brain and stomach tonic is the most widely distributed product in human history.

But nothing has worked to break my habit. I hold my head against a sloping hill. At times like these, I need to look at kola trees. Days



are getting shorter now, and mornings go quicker with a warm cup of Coke to get you off.

**Maggies Farm**  
 "A unique craftsmans marketplace"  
 Custom hand work by Françoise Lizy  
 No. 1 Columbia Ave. 270-1042  
 Takoma Park  
 Weds.-Sun. 2:30-11:30  
 Imported clothing  
 shop on premises  
 candles



**coke**  
 claims  
 its  
 latest  
 victim  
 ←

# Getting together

One of the major problems you find in trying to bring about a working community of responsive and inter-dependent persons is that we've all been brought up and educated in a fragmented every-person-for-himself society, where not only have we learned not to depend on other people, but we have learned that to do so is a weakness.

A community is a group of persons dependent on each other to supply most of their social, psychological, physical, economic and spiritual needs.

Dependence is a state of relying on others to satisfy your needs, rather than trying to make it on your own. It is not parasitic.

Responsiveness is responding to another persons' need, whether he or she comes out and asks you or not, instead of letting him or her solve their problems in their own good time.

Inter-dependence is two or more persons depending or relying on each other, while responding to each others needs.

Because we don't depend on others, but deal with people only when we need to, we turn humans into objects, and are ourselves turned into objects by others. To different persons we are different objects. A part of us deals with parents, another with salespersons and waitresses, yet another deals with teachers, and still another with friends. And each friend sees a different segment of our beings. Who sees the whole? Is there a whole? Each person has the potential to be whole, but from the moment you are born or before, you are dealt with as an object, and thus fragmented.

Your deprivation of personal involvement started when your mother was pregnant but tried to overlook that fact, neither parent wanted to get personally involved in the pregnancy, and a drugged up childbirth resulted in which the doctor played a far more important role than either your mother or your father. Neither parent had much physically or psychologically to do with your coming into this world. The bottle freed them from constant attachment to you, and they could go out when they wanted and leave you with The Babysitter. It was too much of a bother to take you along. So after a whole series of Babysitters—your first objectified relationship—came School.

Before entering school you live more or less in a somewhat narrow world of personal contacts. Things hardly come within your experience unless they touch, intimately and obviously, your own well-being. Your world is a world of persons with their personal interests, rather than a realm of facts and laws. Your life is an integral, a total one, except for babysitters and your impersonal parents and a host of other impersonalities which are almost insignificant compared to what happens when you enter SCHOOL.

The school takes your experiences, things you haven't yet experienced, and things you never will experience, and divides and categorizes them into various separate and unconnected subjects—math, reading, spelling, art, geography, history, science, social studies. These subjects and categories are never related to your experiences. Pretty soon though, your experiences become divided and categorized into subjects automatically, and the process of fragmentation has begun.

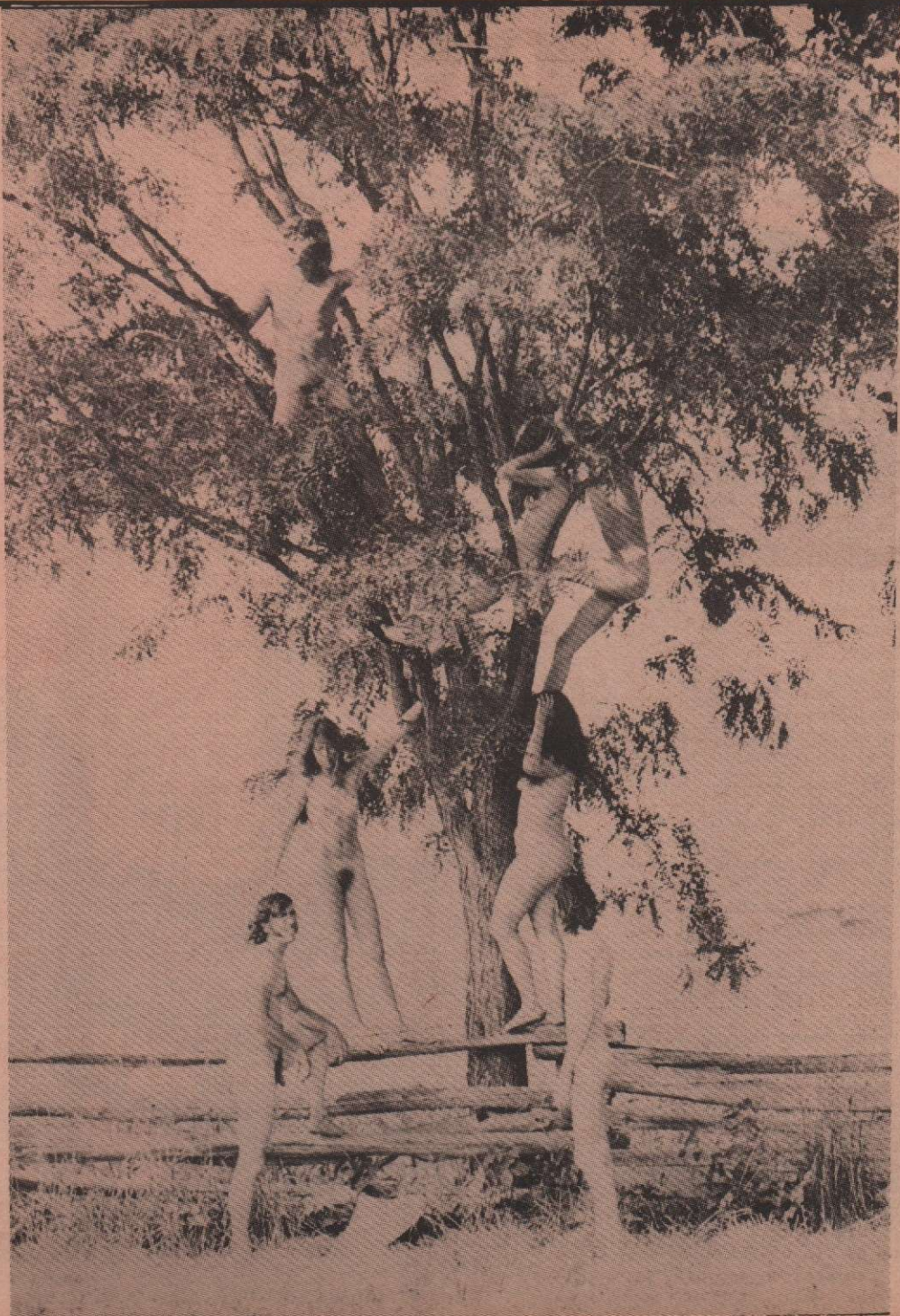
The main impact School has on you, regardless of subject matter, is through its structure, which prepares you for living in the impersonality of our society. A School is not made up of people. There is The Principal, there is The Teacher. The Teacher is not a person. You are not allowed to touch The Teacher. The Teacher is not allowed to touch you. Older and younger children aren't people. They are Second Graders or Sixth Graders or Sophmores. From the moment you enter School (kindergarten excepted?) you are even separated from your classmates, and generally prohibited from social contact with them except at the prescribed time—recess and lunch. (When you are older you even lose the privilege of recess) For twelve or more years you are pitted against your classmates in various examinations designed to make you want to achieve higher percentages than the kid who sits next to you. Or else you give up the race and pretend you don't care—that's your excuse, you don't care about grades, about tests, about who's in the top quarter of the class. But everyone else does, so that isolates you even further.

Independence is drilled into you. You want to depend on someone else, don't let the teacher catch you—dependence is Cheating. To do your work collectively you've got to hide—vary your answers a little so The Teacher won't suspect you've been working together. You need help, you want to help someone else, forget it, that's not allowed.

Sitting at a desk is like solitary confinement, only worse. You can see there are others around you, but there is an invisible shield that separates you from everyone else. You can only communicate through the warden-teacher.

Yesterday you walked down the street in solitary confinement. You could see there were others around you, but there is an invisible shield that separates you from everyone else. Why? Why?! Twelve or more years of classes and courses in Isolation is why.

So now you discover that you don't like invisible



shields. You've heard somehow that in a community or in a collective or commune there aren't any invisible shields. People respond to each other. People depend on each other. They share with each other. They touch each other. They cry. Is it magic? Acid? Maybe.

How do you undo the damage. How do you dissolve years of shells and shields that divide you from other persons—their shells and your shells stand in the way of personal involvement, of interdependence, of community. It's hard. Lots of collective ventures fall apart every day. Attempts at community action barely get off the ground. Who do you blame? The system, the whole screwed-up society that taught you to be independent, to not need people, to not be able to get involved with people, which taught you to treat people as objects, as machines.

We have been starved for love and touch, since the invention of the baby carriage. It is hard to break out, and when we do we go overboard sometimes and wind up in the VD clinic. We're as fucked up as our parents, with one difference. We know it and yearn to do something about it, while they think they've got it made.

A community is not a simple thing to get together. It is not merely a group of people living in the same geographical area, interested in the same things, having the same political and social outlooks, or sympathetic and open to the same life styles. This is generally what we think of when we speak of "the Community." But then we wonder why this "community," united under the leaves of the cannabis plant, isn't closer, why we don't know what the girl in the restaurant does when she isn't waitressing, why we can't touch each other. We can't have a Community until we start shaking off the years of damage that have been done to our powers to relate to others, to get personally involved, to love. To have a community, to put forth a collective effort, we have to unlearn independence—we have to learn to depend on others without being ashamed, without thinking it is a weakness, and we have to relearn how to respond to other peoples' needs, and also to the needs of the group.

We have developed an aversion to rules, to schedules, to any sort of division of labor, and to bureaucracy in general, which is understandable when you consider how many senseless rules have been dumped on us, how many overly scheduled days we have endured, et al. All of this artificial discipline is self-degrading, plus it has made it unnecessary for us to develop any self-discipline. Self-discipline involves personal investment, but we need it now if we are going to remove the rules and schedules and bureaucracy and division of labor. Someone still has to take out the garbage. It isn't going to be your mother, and there is no janitor, but still you wait, thinking someone else will do it.

So what do you do? First you have to begin to see people as human beings, not mechanical objects. The cashier in the supermarket isn't The Cashier, he or she is a human being. Joe Bloggs is not The College Student,

ne's a human being. If you can go beyond the labels, beyond the categorization, and remember that there are real live persons behind those masks, that's a beginning.

Then you have to get rid of quick-change personalities. As we go from situation to situation we press a button and assume the proper personality for the situation. If you present the same image to everyone you're gonna freak out quite a few people, but then maybe you shouldn't be seeing those people anyway.

Next you have to learn to listen to people, really listen, all the time, instead of shutting people out and periodically nodding your head to show you're still there.

Cry.

Stop thinking someone else is going to do the shit work. Just because there aren't any rules that say you have to take out the garbage or change the light bulb, doesn't mean you can't do it anyway.

Invite your neighbors over for dinner.

Carry your children with you. Don't come to rely on babysitters constantly, or baby carriages. Kids need to be held even more than you do. Don't send them to public schools if possible. Keep them home or send them to community schools and free schools that are popping up all over. There's still hope for our children, maybe.

Touch your friends.

Take your life out of your mind and into your body as well. Express yourself actively as well as verbally, and some of those shells will start dissolving.

We've got to learn to trust each other so we know that when we need something, one of our sisters or brothers will respond to our need—not that there is one specific person we can rely on, but a whole group. When people in the group need something the burden of responsiveness is spread among many rather than piled on one person. Too often, because two persons are inter-dependent, the dependence or responsiveness of a third person is not wanted, but in a community everyone depends on everyone else.

It's so easy to help someone when they ask. It boosts your pride and security—you know you're needed. Why then do we find ourselves feeling insecure and down on ourselves when we have to ask someone else for assistance. It's a two-way process—you respond to other people's needs and you trust them with your dependence. But don't fall into the trap of letting people rely on you for things you cannot do. You can only fail them as well as yourself.

The structure of our society is a shaky structure for a revolution. It crumbles. If we expect to survive our revolution, we've got to change the structure of our society, change the structure of our lives, to allow human beings to be treated as persons, not objects and not machines. Machines can be too easily destroyed. Or they can go berserk. We need "community" as a foundation. And we need it now.

# SCENE

## Overture

Men! Black White Red  
a rainbow of revolution  
breaking its chains  
in the golden sun  
and in the sudden rain

foreign planes stopped  
flying in  
and the rats began  
flying out  
but the airport  
doors slammed shut  
on their tails

the Indians taught the  
others how to scalp  
and the hairy became  
hairier with belts  
of crew cuts

## Revolt - I

Haight Ave. went up one  
spring night  
the Guvmint thought they  
could contain it at  
first but  
as the smoke from SF  
drifted over Las Vegas  
the Kolnells got  
up tight  
they flew in loads of  
pot from Mexico to  
quell the hoards just as  
they trucked in watermelons  
to stop the fires in Detroit

but the fires went on  
after the first 400 pigs  
were dead  
the rest called in sick

## Revolt - II

frothing in the bunker under the  
White House the Attorney  
General called for  
the Final Solution to  
the student problem  
but found no students  
left  
they had all learned

the National Guard now  
rode down bloody streets  
with red V's on their helmets  
showing who was who  
no post office standing  
flew other than a  
black flag at full mast

Welfare ceased to exist and only  
welfare remained in the mind of  
man  
what State Police were left learned  
gentleness and forbearance

the kill was heavy in  
the Pentagon  
the Kolnells had felt safe for a long time  
and had  
gotten fat sitting at  
desks  
the barbarians were lean  
and tough  
and fast  
and exotically armed

at the marine barracks it  
wasn't so easy  
but the result was  
the same in the end  
largely because  
everywhere the troops  
melted away and  
turned up on the  
other side

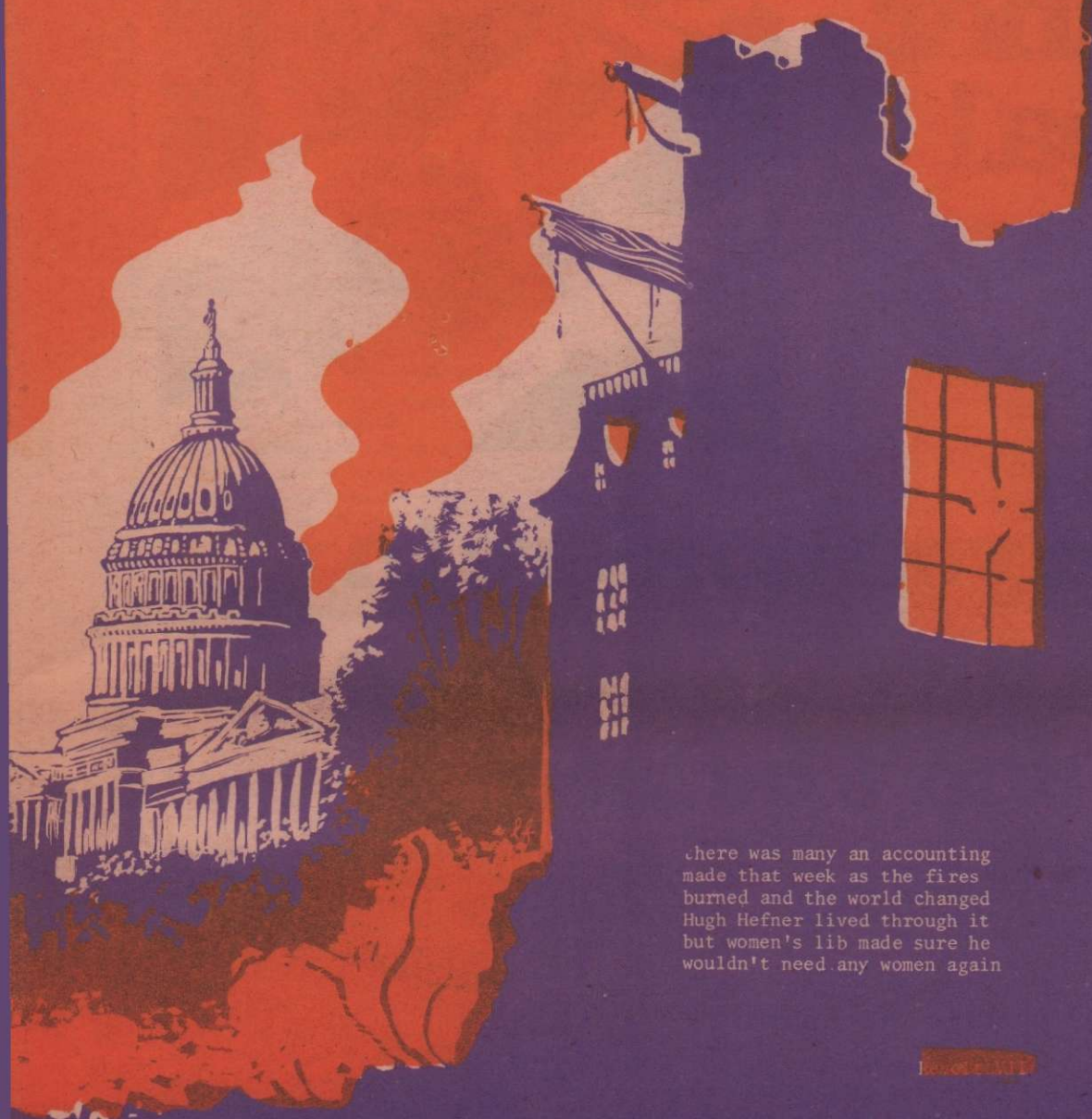
the blacks finally wised up  
and no ghettos burned  
but over the suburbs  
Gemorrah rained  
Macdonalds and Howard  
Johnson's cooked all  
their burgers at once  
live people stopped  
riding in their cars with  
low license numbers  
the National Rifle  
Association learned  
who had been taking  
its free lessons  
the National Guard  
decided protecting  
their own armories  
was at the time the better part  
of valor  
and the GIs were cleaning  
their guns

wondering  
thinking  
pondering

some migrant workers  
buried Billy Graham  
under a pile of bibles  
which somehow caught  
fire  
tongues of righteous wrath  
lapped the pyre of the  
God-arrogant red neck  
people who had screamed  
for mercy for years  
listened to screams for  
mercy with hardened ears

in Chicago the SS  
thought a kid was  
trying to stab  
Agnew with a popsicle  
and the ensuing  
shoot-out put two  
dum-dums through  
the dum-dum's noggin  
by error  
and then everybody  
knew the truth  
when only watermelon  
juice dripped out  
of Spiral's head

# TRIOs from the REVOLUTION



Selkirk raised his Mauser  
carefully and squeezed off  
a pig in the building across  
the street  
two National Guardsmen with  
red V's on their  
helmets yelled Right ON  
as they passed by with  
V's on their fingers  
Selkirk made his lonely  
smokey way up the deserted  
streets towards  
the White House  
guns yammered up north but Lafayette square  
was quiet save for  
two burning tanks  
the House looked deserted  
at least by the living-

Secret Service men clutching  
their Blue Cross cards had  
made a last ditch charge  
and fell in a pile  
slowly Selkirk edged into  
the grounds  
hiding behind a tree  
behind a dead Press Secretary  
lying there in the grass with  
the sparrows eating  
its eyes

then in through a window  
and presidents smiled at  
him from frames all over  
the room  
a wounded barber painfully  
dragged himself off the floor  
and Kamikazied Selkirk with  
a rusty scissors  
but his head soon spattered  
the smiling presidents-  
gobs of bloody brains dripping down-  
for once showing what their  
smiles had always been about  
then to the elevator  
which still-  
thank God-  
worked  
and down and  
down Selkirk went  
ready for the worst  
but he found no one to fire at  
at the bottom  
only a greasy bible laying  
on the bunker floor  
Oral Roberts dead from an  
overdose of speed in an army bunk  
an SS man above who had  
somehow opened his veins  
with a broken rosary  
the Attorney General alive  
lying on another bunk  
naked and tyed down  
forced to the last to perform  
unnatural acts with his tongue  
not one to show mercy  
Selkirk shot off his tongue  
but left him to bubble his  
bloody prayers to the concrete  
then in a little room  
he found the last one-

there was many an accounting  
made that week as the fires  
burned and the world changed  
Hugh Hefner lived through it  
but women's lib made sure he  
wouldn't need any women again

the red and black flag of  
freedom roared over every  
military post in the nation  
the Vietnam war was over in  
three hours when we joined  
the right side

the NY Times changed its name  
to the West Village Other  
and the free press became free

Jefferson had been listened to  
for a change  
and the tree of liberty  
was engorged with the blood of tyrants  
there was only one thing  
left to do and  
Selkirk was  
left to do it

the GIs were repulsive in their  
wrath at times  
it was inhuman to kill all  
the Army cooks by making them  
eat their own cooking  
the milk of human kindness  
was lacking as they locked  
up the missile experts and  
generals in the Minutemen  
and shot them all into space  
instead of at the Russian  
children they had been aimed at

but some of the civilians were  
worse  
they put the prison guards in  
prison  
then some fool lost the keys  
the migrant farm bosses  
would never  
have believed that a man  
could eat 237 heads of lettuce  
and live  
but they did it and  
wished they hadn't  
especially when the lettuce  
was then chopped up with  
machetes

the grenades went  
whump whump whump  
somewhere inside the  
buildings  
and fires poured out  
of windows everywhere  
it was hard to see Hecht's  
for the smoke  
a bus lay burning on its  
side and not even O. Roy Chalk's  
tears could put it out  
but he couldn't hope for higher  
fares anyway cause there wouldn't be  
any fares ever again

kneeling before a mirror  
talking  
The Economy is on the upswing  
We're doing our best to integrate the schools  
I'm your chief, I'm the only chief you've  
got  
If it doesn't run right, I'll give you  
your money back- they don't call me Trick- er,

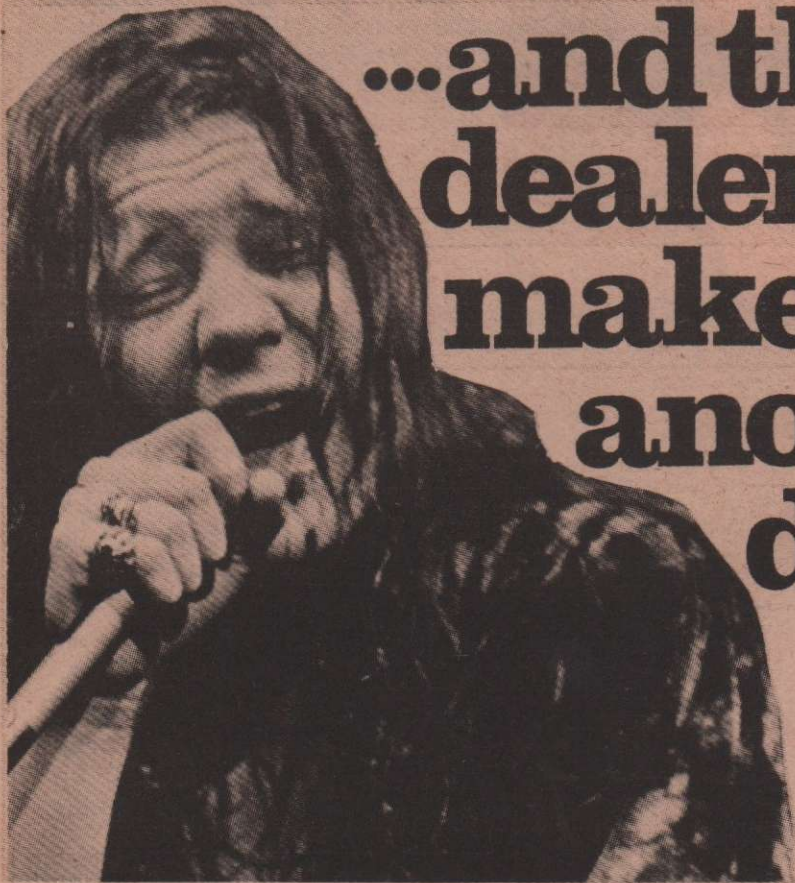
Honest Dick  
ror nothing  
I want to unite the country, he said  
as the pee ran down his pants leg

Selkirk enjoyed a few seconds as few men ever  
do, then said,  
YOU HAVE, Dick

the body was burned with gasoline in a shallow  
pit outside the bunker

# JIMI ...

...and the dealer makes another deal



## If I don't meet you no more in this world I'll meet you in the next one and don't be late"

Jimi Hendrix could get more music out of an electric guitar than anyone else. He was the ultimate rock guitar player.

As a musician he was so good he could keep several melodies going at once. As a technician he got sounds from his instrument that no one else could. As an acrobat he could play guitar behind his back, with his teeth, or even while fucking it.

He was also a singer, composer, showman, sex symbol, and voodoo child. Millions were thrilled by his records and performances. He revolutionized rock music. He was a hero to the Youth of many nations.

But last Friday it all ended in a London hospital. Jim Hendrix was dead at age 24. A victim of junk.

"I can see how poor people, lonely people, someone without hope, might do smack," a brother told me. "But Hendrix had everything. Why Hendrix?"

I didn't have a ready answer but it's been on my mind since. And I think the hollowness of the Youth Culture is largely at fault. Like we haven't done much to break down alienation. We haven't truly become sisters and brothers.

The day after he died, a disc jockey on the radio called him "Brother Jimi Hendrix." But I'd never heard him referred to as "Brother" while he was still alive.

Jimi Hendrix was born and raised in Seattle. But he had to go across the country and, then, across the Atlantic to find acceptance for his music. Racism, cultural stagnation, the normal hassles of breaking into the "music industry" . . . Whatever the reason, Hendrix had to leave the U.S. and go to London before he achieved recognition of his talent.

With drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding he formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They were the first

of the super high energy bands—the epitome of acid rock. And the model for countless other bands and guitar players.

I saw the Experience on their first tour of the States. They played a free concert in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Hendrix wasn't that famous yet, but you knew he would be soon.

He was absolutely beautiful! You couldn't just stand there—you had to move. The music had too much power and life in it.

Finally, after a long set, he quit playing. Stage managers started taking down the stage and the generator. But the people didn't quit dancing! We kept it up about an hour after the music stopped.

The next time I saw him it wasn't so good. He played Winterland for Bill Graham. The place was packed and everyone had set themselves down in neat, orderly rows. They were spectators who'd paid their \$3 and were there to be ENTERTAINED.

All the energy was flowing in one direction. It went from Hendrix and the band to the audience, which greedily consumed it. Hendrix obviously felt the drain. He was snotty and condescending. The music was good but he wasn't enjoying himself like he had been in the park.

Hendrix was, by that time, a rock idol. The believers paid homage (money) to bask in his presence. They hoped some of the idol's music, soul, excitement, power, sex, or whatever would rub off on them.

The audience didn't realize they had the power themselves. The power to "recycle" the energy Hendrix was giving them. To tear down the performer/audience walls. To bring the performance together. To get the whole place high.

Sure, you can say the audience was

being exploited — by Graham, Hendrix, the managers, business agents, record companies, etc. And it's true. But Hendrix and the band were being bled of a lot more than money. They were the real losers.

The band was being cut off from their people, from their culture, from the basis for their music. Their "fans" were leeching their energy, their beauty, their music, everything they gave on stage. They were draining Jimi of all they professed to "love" about him. And they weren't giving him anything of themselves in return. Except maybe some money and some bullshit adulation.

Our revolutionary music, our new art form, is still part of the old show business hype. For this bullshit "star system" to continue, performers and audiences must be kept apart. The performers alone on a pedestal. The audience wishing they could be just like the performer, and BUYING (this is the key) the performer's artifacts. If they ever got together they might find they were all people. And the whole idol/worshipper relationship might crumble.

The people who run the "music industry" (and it's an industry in every sense) know this. A few months back, when Jimi was in Berkeley, some local people asked him to do a Black Panther benefit show. Jimi dug the idea. And his advisors did too—IF they could make a film of Hendrix relating to the radical community. They felt this would even further enhance the value of their "property"—Jimi Hendrix.

Without the shuck film, the managers weren't interested. And though Jimi wanted to, "contractual obligations" prevented him from doing the benefit. Despite being a big star, he wasn't free to perform how and when he wanted.

This system is so tightass that even

its privileged classes are put in a box. And no one was meant to live in a box.

With the whole glorification/capitalism trip, you can imagine how often a performer gets used. How many times "old friends" came around for money.

How many times he got laid so people could brag to their friends that they'd balled Jimi Hendrix. Sure, it's nice to get laid, but it's even nicer to get LOVED.

But why did Hendrix take up smack? Traditionally, smack has affected the poor. It's been put into the Black community where poor people are glad to escape the daily degradation of slum life. But more and more we find people of all races and social classes trying to escape through smack. Loneliness, alienation, and despair make smack attractive to increasing numbers of young people. Even the famous. Even the rich. Even Jimi Hendrix.

This wouldn't be the case if our righteous Youth Nation was a reality. But so far it's only a slogan, only a dream. We're going to have to build it. And we're going to have to put a lot of love and warmth and concern in it.

Altamont should tell us something. Dylan's "retirement" (was he perhaps sick of being drained?) should tell us something. The death of Jimi Hendrix should tell us something. The Woodstock Nation isn't here yet—no matter what Abbie, or Life, or the movie, or the record company say. We aren't together. Not yet.

If we can't tear down the walls that divide us. If we can't start being more open and loving to our sisters and brothers, if we can't relate both to Hendrix and the 12-year-old teenybopper, if we can't stop smack. . . ! Then the culture isn't worth much.

Goodbye Jimi. Thanks for the good times.

# Contradictions

Part I: The Pureshit Revolution  
 Goose Lake, the 380 acre site of a 3 day pop festival, is in Jackson, Michigan. It is a green countryside about 40 miles from Ann Arbor where the Blues Festival (scheduled the same weekend) draws a crowd of about 10,000. More than 20,000 are at Goose Lake; they have come from Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and the neighboring states to hear such imported stuff as Small Faces, Jethro Tull, 10 Years After, and their American star counterparts, plus a bucketful of Michigan bands all sizzling with "high energy" sound -much of it unidentifiable-guitars whining like generators, singers who yell unintelligible lyrics and pounding drum solos. Most of it is a drag.

The press corpse (sic!), isolated from the public by an eight foot wooden wall (under constant attack by "them"), alternately sit in their tent smoking dope or on chairs by the wall, keeping one eye on the stage in front of them and one on the wall behind where occasional faces pop up to get a look at the "stars:"

Beyond the wall, which fronts a pit by the stage full of press and hopeful groupies ("if I can just meet him maybe he'll take me to England-- Joe Cocker pays his girls \$300 a week to travel with him!") stretch acres of Sears-Fellini, grass, acid ("pure-it's pure") speed (with a kit to use if you left yours behind) balloons of nitrous oxide (2 tokes full--25¢) Mescaline ("pure--organic"), THC, hot dogs, pizza, Coke, ice cream, and sloth. Bullhorns and handlettered signs tout the dope business--lids, tokes, organic, pure, cheap, now!

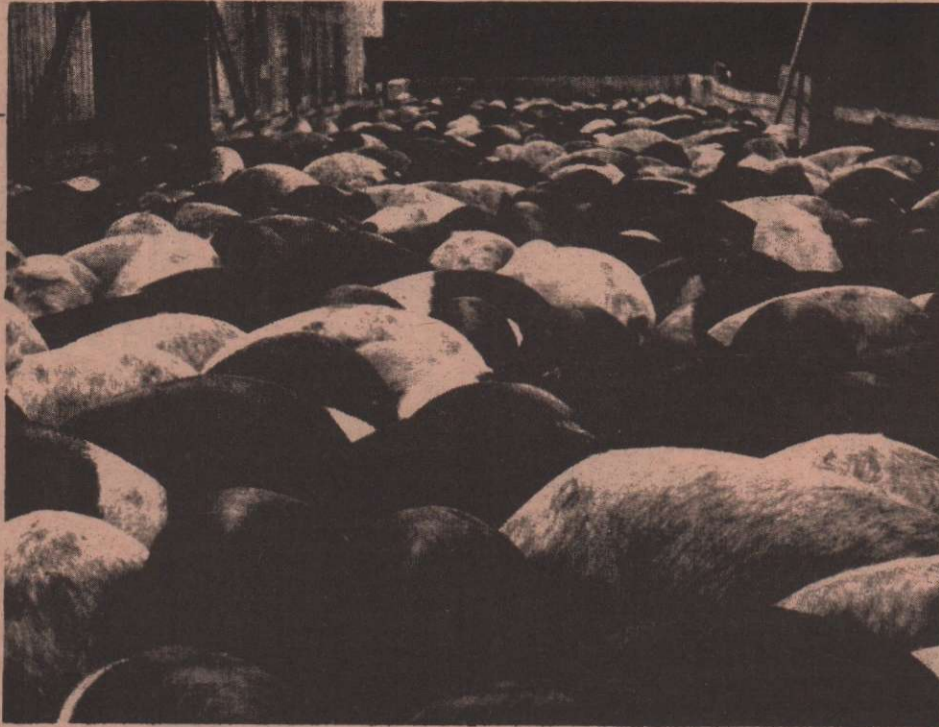
At the back of the audience area are large tents, one for dope bummers ("Don't go in there; they just lay guilt on you"), free food (the supply ran out Saturday, the second day), and one for "movement" people-- White Panthers, Chicago militants, lots of babies, etc.

It is crowded everywhere, perhaps a fifth listening to the music, much of which (when outside the bowl-like area that fronts the stage) hangs in the air like a desperate scream. A mile or so away there is swimming, nude or not, in the brown-swamp lake and the comfort of thousands of cars to wander among or crash next to.

Around all this rises a metal link fence, around and around, encircling the thousands. Through its gates pass the people--once inside there is no way out unless you leave permanently, or by ambulance. The pathways that circumscribe the quaintly hip named areas--"Tokealot," "Layalot" and "Tripalot" are reminiscent of my dreams of Calcutta. Stoned people nudge along in the dust and debris to the sounds of the dopechanters and the sparechange freaks. Eyes are cold, dead and secretive; water runs from the drinking fountains and turns the paths to mud; people lie about glazed and sated with uppers and downers, freakers, flashers, zoomers, bombers, and fatigue.

In the woman's toilet are rows of exposed seats over the great trough of shit. You squat there watching pale city girls curl their hair and shave their legs ankle deep in water. Someone said people fuck there at night, in the slime in front of the black hole-eyes of the toilets.

Outside the crowds move on, waveringly, slide down the plastic slide laid across a bulldozed dirt hill, stare towards the music, watch



as someone leaps from a high tower near the stage in an attempt at what, flight? Escape? No one dances anywhere.

The printed program warns against "blood-suckers" in the swimming hole named "Golum Swamp," but the real blood-suckers are invisible; they are flying overhead in helicopters looking at their investment, or waiting outside the fence to bust people.

"It's great to be free" is the usual comment given to the reporters when they ask the kids why they are there. "I can walk around at night without being hassled; I don't have to brush my teeth; I can dope all I want to," seemingly unaware of the metal fences that enclose them, hold them in a giant concentration camp away from the nation they claim as their own.

It must be a test run of the final solution! Lock the kids and crazies up; give them dope and circuses; pacify. The war outside goes on; Michigan halts the bill to reduce marijuana possession to a misdemeanor and John Sinclair, busted for two joints, is away in an old style prison, misses the fun of this minimum security bash.

But not his party--The White Panthers. They are there with their band "UP" trying to sock it to the people. "UP" is loud and almost unintelligible; what words they want to say in their music are impossible to understand. If the band is to alert people, using rock as an educational medium, it fails. There is a failure to communicate; the crowd remains apathetic. The people's music must be something the people relate to, or it is only music, and, as musicians, they seem strident and inept.

For that matter, what are they doing at Goose Lake at all? One reason might be because they had been given a Festival Program concession (and they need the money badly to survive, or try and free their leaders.) But back in their home community of Ann Arbor the real "people's music" (historically speaking) the black music, goes its usual low-priced, low-paying way. Only 10,000 blues fans came to honor the black musicians, and it is rare that these musicians get such a gig. Sunday night at the Blues Festival Johnny Winter appeared unannounced to jam- he was really-playing for the people! I would have thought the White Panthers

would have been among the first to support the black musicians. To point out the exploitation system that has ripped off the black culture and sold it back to us a la Rod Stewart, a prancing, whitesuited, decadent English "star" whose soulful agonies consisted of mauling the mike stand and wiping his blond hair from his eyes with delicate, upperclass gestures. (Unfortunately, the crowd loved him.

What an opportunity it would have been for the white Panthers to reach a captive (literally) audience of 200,000. They could have followed the example of the San Francisco Communication Company which, in the Flower Power era way back in 1967-68, were cranking the mimeograph handle daily; taking to the community the latest political and community news. The Panthers might well have asked in leaflets, "Is this how you want to live? Are you enjoying this festival? Why aren't you at the Blues Festival? Do you see now how the people's culture is being ripped off?" And so on, and so on.

If I am hard on the White Panthers it is because they are the vanguard of the people's movement. Their paper *Swi Dance*, (1st beautiful issue just out and available for 50¢ from 1520 Hill, Ann Arbor, Michigan) deals with the politics of Music, their imprisoned leader, John Sinclair, has just published a "right on" article on "Liberation Music" in the current issue of *Jazz and Pop* (August, 1970). They have taken on the tremendous task of trying to educate the youth whom they rightly see as the only hope for change. Their task is made more difficult as their leaders are decimated, turned into political prisoners. It is important that they find efficacious ways to communicate their ideas to young people. (Sadly most of the young people at Goose Lake seemed to mimic the life style alienation of their parents. True, they substitute dope for alcohol, but apparently only to achieve the same stupor. Their parents watch T.V. passively; they watch the rock stars in much the same way, or lie down next to their cars as though they feared it might be Armageddon and they wanted to take their one status symbol- their-car- with them.)

Part II: When the Goose Hit the Fan No one danced! No one wore flowers! The clean green new tents from Sears, pinioned near the cars that brought them, gathered dust. The bikers

stood next to the fence holes that had been made by kids trying to get in free (the three days cost \$15.00) and demanded \$5 a head to come through. On Friday (the 1st day) five women sat beside a pretty display of Woman's Liberation literature they had hung on a makeshift wall next to one of the pathways. By Saturday there was no trace of them; mud and softdrink cans, soggy paper, an abandoned shoe, watermelon rinds and dope had replaced them.

Out in the "Goosenest" in front of the stage people clustered in groups, sat in the dust and debris, staring towards the blaring music or shuffling about. Overhead the helicopter dipped and churned and the fences stood all around all around, and the fences stood all around.

What can be the reason to promote 200,000 people at a time into a confined space? Instant slum, overcrowding, all the disadvantages of a ghetto--recreated folks, for your listening pleasure! The idea of a music festival in the country is the conception of tranquility, cleanliness, flowers, woods, space, celebration, all the things which are unavailable to us in our urban environments where our space is pinched in direct ratio to real estate values. We go to the country to be free, to breath clean air, hear good music and get high in a natural environment.

The same people who crowd us into urban slums crowd us into giant "festivals," take our rent at the door and to hell with the plumbing. Not only have they usurped our lifestyle and sold it back to us, they have duped us by selling us an inferior product with built in obsolescence.

Part III: Wither will we wander? Is it possible to have a festival for people? Yes, you can put on your own festival, start in your livingroom, play the kazoo, go to your park, take your tambourine.

What about hearing the big "stars?" You are the big star, people just do the best they can. Is there a criteria? It's what you enjoy and participate in. Enjoy your own music; enjoy your local bands; relate to their music. But how do I see the "stars?" Look up--or if you have to have the hype--watch them on TV; that way you can go to the toilet or dance or make love to the music or get high with some degree of comfort.

You mean festivals are over? No, only rip-offs, not everything called a festival is one. So what should we do? Liberate your music. Take it back to the people it came from; insist on controlling it. It was your music; it is your music; start over. Don't buy a ticket to anything where there are more than 50,000 people outdoors or 10,000 enclosed. Boycott the hype festivals! Support the bands who play in the park for free because they want to make music rather than dollars. Enjoy the music you like. Don't buy the star system; it's as plastic as the stuff it is marketed on.

Part IV: Chorus  
 People: It's your music; take it over! If it is their version, don't dance to it. Free music is the voice of free people. You are not free in a concentration camp, no matter how famous the bands, how available the dope. Don't forget that outside the wall the war against youth goes on. Tear down the walls! Power to the people's music!



1 Columbia Ave. Takoma Park  
**Dagita**  
 Food!  
 Good!

# People's Convention

The Black Panther Party is mobilizing to hold the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention on Nov. 4, either in the National Guard Armory or in the streets. Housing, non-perishable food, transportation, medical supplies and money are needed. If you can help, deliveries can be made to the Black Panther Community Center (1932 17th St. NW) or pick-ups can be arranged by calling 667-1345.



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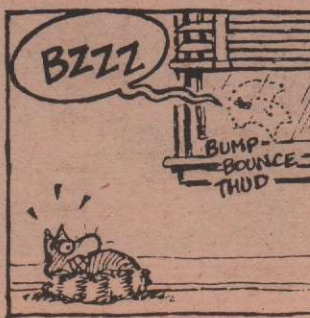
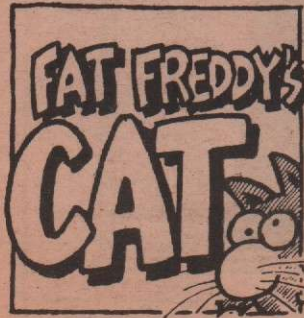
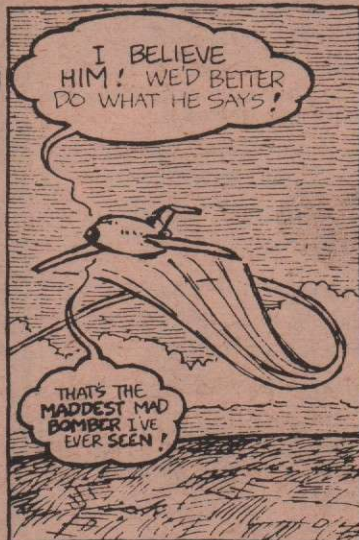
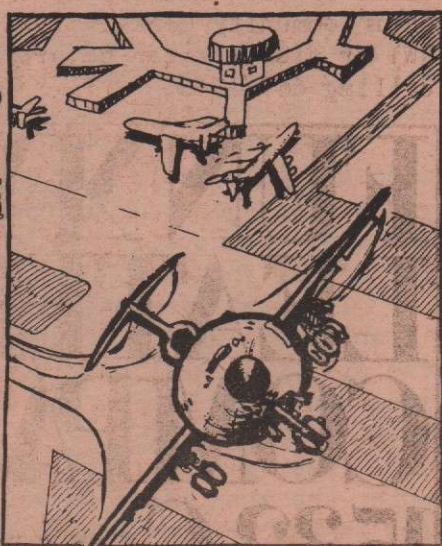
The research made it all possible and the rave reviews cause people to listen to the BOSE 901. BUT, the major reason that owners of large and small speakers trade for the 901 and that newcomers to stereo select the 901. That's how it should be — you are not buying reviews or research the relevance of which rests completely upon the 901's ability to produce music with a fidelity that you will immediately recognize as superior. You are buying sound.

THE **BOSE** CORP.  
East Natick Industrial Park Natick, Massachusetts 01760

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY

# FREAK BROTHERS

Gilbert Shelton



# Pot potpourri

The following potpourri, an evening buffet, is especially convenient for entertaining. All recipes, of course, include a particularly tantalizing herb Cannabis Sativa--commonly referred to as marijuana.

Unfortunately, Madison Avenue has not yet realized pot's full potential in the kitchen and has neglected to cleverly package and market the stuff, in favor of such substances as nicotine and alcohol.

When selecting your marijuana, choose a relatively good cooking grade grass-domecic is fine. Save the imported dope for before and after dinner joints.

The grass you use will not elicit an exceptionally strong flavor to the dish, but will make every thing seem fantastic by the end of the meal.

(One relatively unimportant point--the quantities of weed called for in the recipes are fairly arbitrary. Add more to suit taste. The chef was, oddly enough, smoking while cooking and not paying exact attention to the amounts used.)

#### Pot of Mushroom Soup:

1 can golden mushroom soup  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 can milk  
1 can water  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
dash salt  
dash pepper  
dash paprika

at least 3 tablespoons marijuana

Blend cans of soup, milk, and water over stove in saucepan, stirring well. Add butter. Stir in salt, pepper, paprika, and grass. Simmer at least 15 minutes.

#### Pot Roast (for a 4-pound roast)

1 stick butter (melted)  
1 teaspoon worchestershire sauce  
1 teaspoon garlic salt  
seasoned salt  
paprika  
1/8 cup grass  
(Some people like to add a bit mustard to the above.)

Place meat in basting dish with approximately one inch of water (or wine and marijuana mixture) surrounding it and bake at 350 degrees until tender. Repeat application of butter-worcestershire-grass-etc. mixture several times for added flavor.

#### Gravy:

Skim off grease from juices in roasting pan. Add a paste consisting of 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup water (more or less depending on desired thickness) to the juices in the roasting pan. Stir until thickened.

#### Hash Brown Potatoes:

(Use ordinary cooking grade marijuana if you don't have hashish.)  
6 potatoes  
1 stick butter  
seasoned salt  
1 small minced onion  
1/8 cup grass or hash  
Boil potatoes until they can be

easily pierced by a fork. Transfer to skillet, add remaining ingredients, and brown.

#### Salad:

Add marijuana to your favorite salad dressing. Toss salad and garnish with more grass.

With Regards to Alice B. Toklas  
Brownies:

1 cup shortening

4  
1 cup shortening  
4 1-ounce squares un-sweetened chocolate  
1 1/2 cup flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
4 eggs  
2 cups sugar  
2 tsp. vanilla extract  
2 cups coarsely cut walnuts  
3/4 cup marijuana

Melt shortening and chocolate together over hot water. Cool.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Beat eggs until light; add sugar; then chocolate mixture; and blend. Add flour, vanilla and nuts. Mix well. Pour batter into waxed-paper-lined 13X9 oblong pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

(Two tablespoons of grass mixed well with any chocolate frosting makes a topping that is nothing short of phenomenal.) Serve with marijuana tea and burn incense.

Dig it.

Enjoy it.

## MUSIC IS NEWS

A chronicle; a prediction; a reflection. A mirror to the world. Did the Egyptians sing "Up Against the Pyramid, Pharaoh"---? Music: of the people.

*Take Me To The Mountains—Shiva's Headband:* Charles Carper, in the *Daily Cougar*, wrote, "Shiva's music can't change nature, but they can naturally sing and take some of the sting out of living." An armadillo ecstasy.

*If:* Seven men making momentous music; finding new dimensions; making things happen. From England, with brass and beauty. "If is a must." (Chris Van Ness, L. A. *Free Press*)

*Quatermass:* A record to hold in your head. Hear from start to end; then share, joyously. Music from life, or from science fiction; or maybe they're the same.

*Mongrel—Bob Seger:* A total musical experience. You'll find that your favorite cut on the album keeps changing, the sign of timelessness and now.

*Listening to Richard Brautigan:* More than any other, Richard Brautigan is the poet for our lives. Here he shares some of his stories, and you're a part of his family.



on Capitol  
and  
Harvest



One of a series of drawings by John Van Hammersveld.



# DDT a la mode

The ironies involved in trying to eat a healthful meal within a capitalist society are often quite frightening. Many foods that were once considered healthy because of their intrinsic nutritional value are now considered harmful due to mutations caused by our crumbling ecology. Liver, for instance, once thought to be healthful as a source for iron, is now considered harmful because its function in regulating metabolism leaves it with high concentrations of DDT and other poisons. And a mother's natural milk, always considered best for baby, has been shown to contain far more DDT than the Health Dept. regulations allow in commercially sold dairy products. (This is especially frightening in view of the fact that the government sets regulatory standards as much as possible in favor of the profit-mongers. This, in a slightly different context, was clearly indicated in the testimony last week of the polluted air wafting over Georgetown from the Animal Processing plant on K St. There is simply no way air that foul is to be declared legally acceptable unless the regulatory law itself is a complete travesty.

At any rate, we have reached a state where there is no longer any such thing as organic food. Health food addicts simply pay more money for their daily ration of DDT. We have reached the saturation point. The only thing left to talk about is which foods are most resistant to DDT and similar poisons.

Foods that are highest in DDT poisoning are dairy products (milk, butter, cheese), meat, fish, eggs, oily nuts, most fruits and vegetables.

Even organically grown food is exposed to DDT spray from nearby fields and DDT left in the soil from previous land users.

Thick skinned fruits, beans, leafy veggies (washed clean to remove DDT) and grains are lowest in DDT poisoning.



Grains are a complete, balanced, whole food, containing abundant carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals, and vitamins in excellent proportions. One hundred grams of brown rice, for example, contains 337 calories, 15.5 gm. water, 7.4 gm. protein, 2.3 gm. fat, 72.5 carbohydrate, 10 mg. calcium, 3 mg. sodium, 300 mg. phosphorous, 1.1 mg. iron, and are especially rich in the important B vitamins. Grains have life. As long as they are kept in their natural wholeness, they can sprout and flourish even after centuries of storage. Grains should be chewed well—part of the digestive process of carbohydrates take place in the mouth.

Also there are some foods that are just plain bad any way you look

at them: SUGAR is pure carbohydrate. It has no other nutritive value. Studies done for the manned space program show that sugar in large quantities drastically and immediately elevates the blood pressure and cholesterol production to very dangerous levels. It also spoils your appetite for the food you need to keep healthy.

WHITE FLOUR, even enriched, contains only four of the 23 vitamins and minerals contained in whole wheat. When you take in one or more of the B vitamins alone, your need for the others increases. Consistent use of "enriched" refined cereal products will produce deficiencies of the other B vitamins. White flour contains phytic acid, which makes it hard for your body to absorb calcium. White flour also tastes like paste.

RANCID OILS, that is, those which have been exposed to oxygen at room temperature for more than a day or two, are poison. They have oxidized and are no longer of nutritive value, and they prevent the vitamin E and fatty acids in other foods from being used. Refrigerate all oil, and store all flour in as cool a place as possible. This applies to any food containing fat or oil.

BAKING SODA (and baking powder that contains soda) destroys the B vitamins in the flour and other ingredients. Stiffly beaten egg whites or yeast will raise corn bread, muffins, pancakes, etc.

MEAT is not necessary to your health. Every nutrient it contains can be found adequately in vegetable foods, and the vegetable forms of the nutrients are often easier to absorb.

## Vegies

A word or two about vegetables. ...it is best to eat them raw. Be sure to chew them well. If you must cook them, DON'T OVERCOOK. To avoid vitamin loss, don't peel, soak, or boil them. TO AVOID DDT POISONING USE ORGANICALLY GROWN VEGIES.

One method of cooking is to steam. You need just enough water to cover the vegies. Cover the pot tightly and steam until tender. Hold your seasonings until just before serving. Always save the water for base in soups, stews, or even bread.

Another cooking method is to

saute. Cut vegies diagonally and again lengthwise. Saute in a little sesame or vegetable oil. Add a little water to cover the bottom of the pan; cover and cook on a low flame. When vegies are cooked and all the moisture is evaporated, add salt, tamari soy sauce, seed, or nuts to taste.

### GRANOLA (Dry Cereal)

- |                  |             |
|------------------|-------------|
| oatmeal          | coconut     |
| wheat germ       | dried fruit |
| wheat flakes     | raisins     |
| rye flakes       | nuts        |
| buckwheat groats |             |

Toast and mix all or part of these ingredients. Store covered in a cool place. Delicious! (Toast coconut very carefully for a short time as it burns easily.)

Honey is sweeter than sugar. Try using 2/3 cup of honey in place of 1 cup of sugar. The amount to use varies with the honey. Taste it. Add the honey with the liquids called for and cut down slightly on liquids. Experiment. Honey substitutes especially easily in bread and cookies. The most common mistake is using too much honey.

## BEAUTIFUL DAY TRADING COMPANY

is moving!

Saturday, October 10 will be Beautiful Day Trading Company's last day in Bethesda. We're opening a new store in College Park at 4915 Berwyn Rd., at the beginning of November. So stock up now on organic foods because we'll be closed for a few weeks. Watch for additional information about our new store around the first of November.

4915 Fairmont Ave.  
Bethesda, Md.

Open 12 to 8, Monday through Saturday  
436-6389. WE ACCEPT FOOD STAMPS.

books pamphlets

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D.C.'s most complete selection of radical literature.

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papers posters

## Used Vans



**\$195 and UP**

**STALDO MOTORS**

13400 WASHINGTON bld  
Laurel Md. 776-8070

Well folks, here's something to do in your spare time. Cut out this little mini-poster and paste it, glue it, tape it, condense milk it, or otherwise affix it to any enemy out-post.

Some possibilities might be pasting it up inside pig stations, on pig car bumpers, on defense-oriented businesses, on Safeways, mailed to any pig institutions (draft boards, banks, etc.) inside packages, under the hood of ruling class cars, you know--in or around any pig pen. Principals' offices are O.K.

It's harmless, non-threatening, actually for their own good: it means keep on your toes, motherfuckers.

It blows minds, guaranteed



**THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A BOMB.**

**Narragansett Leathers  
Capitol Hill**

Fringe Jackets

Bags



Suede Pants

Belts

FRYE BOOTS

319 7th St. S.E.

544-2211

**BEST SELLER**

**GORDON LIGHTFOOT**

**His Newest Album Is "Sit Down Young Stranger"**

Gordon Lightfoot's debut album on the Reprise label has received unmixed critical reaction of the favorable variety, to wit:

"Lightfoot's newest recording, his first LP on the Reprise label, is such a beauty and so gorgeously produced that it took me half a dozen full playings before I could even start thinking about commenting on it."

—Philip Elwood  
San Francisco Examiner

"... there is a lot of Gordon Lightfoot in this album, as well as some of the best material that Lightfoot has ever done, and, with songs like Cobwebs and Dust and Me and Bobby McGee, some of the nicest folk music on record anywhere."

—Jud Rosebush  
Rolling Stone

"His songs are personal statements about the human condition that carry more than just a crisp phrase or a good tune."

—Robert Hillburn  
Los Angeles Times

"The recording and production are overwhelming."

—Bob Chorush  
Los Angeles Free Press



Gordon Lightfoot recorded the album in California, long known for its thriving colony of Canadian musicians, with some excellent musical assistance from Randy Newman, Ry Cooder, John Sebastian and Van Dyke Parks, not to mention his regular brilliant sidemen, Red Shea and Rick Haynes.

This best new Gordon Lightfoot album may be found in better record stores (which can order and reorder it as Reprise RS 6392) and in the form of Reprise tapes, distributed by Ampex. In addition to the highly-praised title song, "Sit Down Young Stranger" contains "Minstrel of the Dawn," "Me and Bobby McGee," "Saturday Clothes" and "If You Could Read My Mind," to name about 40% of it. Highly recommended.

**SWEET DREAMS**



40 % off on dress pants  
most body shirts  
tank tops

the original Orange House!

A Compleat Phreaque Boutique!

open: 12 to 9 mon - thurs

& 12 to 12 fri & sat

**439 S. Washington**

**Falls Church  
Virginia  
532-7572**

# Trading board

The Quicksilver Times offers free classifieds as a community service. Names and addresses must be included, but need not be printed. Phone or write the Quicksilver Times: 1736 R-Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 483-8000.

Switchboard is located at 1724 20th Street NW and is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Their phone number is 387-5300.

The Washington Free Clinic, located in the Georgetown Lutheran Memorial Church, provides general medical treatment, VD and pregnancy tests, birth control help, psychiatric services (group therapy Mon. and Wed. nights), an ear, nose, and throat specialist every Wed. night, and starting Oct. 3, there will be a pediatric clinic on Saturdays for children under 12 (immunization and well baby clinic as well as sick) from 1-4:00pm. The Free Clinic is open Mon.-Fri., 8-11pm; Sat., 1-4pm. Phone: 965-5476.

The Drug Offenders Rights Committee offers free legal assistance for drug busts. 244-6688, 10am-5pm.

## intercourse

Richard, I love you. Forever and always. Happi beautiful first year. OM. Lois.

People needed for political commune. Able to live in rough area. Contact Steve at 1602-14th St. N.W. from 9am to 3 pm or leave message. Power to the People!

I'd like to know more about witchcraft today. If you are a witch, or you know a witch, I would appreciate being contacted so that we can arrange a personal meeting. Naturally, everything we discuss will be of a most confidential nature and I will completely respect your right to privacy. Write to: Steven Barowski, 13107 Larchdale Rd. Apt. 14, Laurel, Maryland 20810.

Wanted stimulating female pen pals. Write Art Kung-fu, 506 E. Springfield Champaign, Ill. 61820.

NETHERS COMMUNITY SCHOOL, RFD Box 51A, Sperryville, Va. 22740: Our minuscule, shiny school has room for a few more students (especially 10 year olds.) We also want talented families to be an integral part of our newly forming community. Our present projects: 1) To constitute a co-operative community 2) To continue developing our community school 3) To develop, at a future date, an experimental village for inner-city bork. We will live within walking or biking distance of each other in this lovely country abutting Shenandoah National Park. Community members serve as teachers. We differ from public school by our informality, personal attention, and strong focus on the arts. New students will share with us the adventure of shaping a responsive educational environment. Room, board and tuition for the academic year is \$1,900.

Wanted: Young women to spend weekends in New Haven, Conn. with young (30) M.D. working at the Yale University School of Medicine--Skiing, travel, words, etc., will share transportation expense, and provide living and entertainment accommodations. Write Robert Connors, M.D., 110 Davenport Ave., New Haven, Conn.

To the girl I was trying to get together with at the Berlin lift. You were wearing a long, white Mexican type shirt and embroidered bluejeans (flowered). I was wearing a scarf, light green shirt and a blue denim jacket. Before the concert we shared a joint and some licorice and later on, while Grand Funk was on, a cigarette. We spoke little and were later separated by the crowd. If this is you, write me. She had some friends with her, so if you know her, please tell her to write me so we can get together. Doug Peale, 713 St. Paul Street (Apt. 1), Balto., Md. 21202.

JIM STEIN please call Lana 534-5887. DONNA WOOD from Roanoke: your step-father is in the hospital. Call Bill Treanor at Runaway House: 462-1515 or 234-6664.

Looking for together women to live-in to keep pad clean--no rent--no hassles. Jim 567-1953.

Looking for 3-speed bicycle. Call 338-8036. Can pay.

Wanted and needed free or cheap. Baby crib and any other baby things. You have to give. Call Pam, 588-7988 3pm to 7pm only.

RANDY please contact me soon. Rene NBCH

RAP HOUSE NEEDS: commercial cooking utensils, mimeograph machine, furniture (dressers), cheap VW bus, cheap 1966 VW motor, art & craft supplies, silk screen materials. Also volunteer teachers in all academic subjects, sewing, music, arts & crafts, photography or whatever you know about.

Wanted-a German shepherd puppy. Call Joe at 667-3500. Can't pay much.

MY APOLOGIES TO EVERYONE. I was fucked over but now I have the truck so if you want your Honda fixed now for free, I can do it. Will fix all sizes up to 350 and can do some body work on other bikes. You buy the parts, I do the work. Call Ed at 234-3418 during day or 336-3777 Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat.

The Free Clinic needs people to share their time and revolutionary energy in serving the people.

CHUCK, because you are afraid to love, I am alone.

MIKE, I need a good shot of your body. Don't lose it baby. Carol. Wanted-5 or 10 speed bicycle, 2nd hand. Please call Denni at 966-8721.

MEECE. Please call. I love you--Gene.

CHORUS TO SING all types of music meets Wed. 8;30pm Luther Memorial Church, Vermont and N St. N.W. Everyone welcome.

To the middle class sexually hung up woman who made an obscene phone call and goes by the name of Reeda Carpenter. If you ever get your head straight, give me a call. Joe.

LAWANA, call one of us, no war. Warren, etc.

NEEDED: Dining table for 15 people. 1861 California St. 387-3431. Westley.

Relate to people on a more honest, higher vibrational level--beyond egos, emotions, and personalities. A special intensive course in Tantric yoga will be taught by Yogi Bhajan, Yoga master from New Delhi, India. 40-hr., ten day course, beginning Oct. 9. Donation fee \$75. Call 483-6669.

Whimsa Ashram of Kundalini Yoga, 1704 Q St. N.W.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of a Lyn Albey. A friend is trying to find her. 345-1944.

CLARA-Please call us at the studio. Kathy.

HAVE YOU A BICYCLE TO SELL, cheap. Call 483-1021. 5-7pm and ask for Peter.

REGISTRATION for U. of Md. Free University is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Oct. 5-7 in front of student union.

JIMMY HALL- Sorry I didn't show up, both me and your phone number got lost that night. Still want like hell to try out. Paul 830-3766.

Need van, truck, or anything like trailer to haul furniture for one day. Can pay expenses and a little something else. Call or leave message for Deacon at Switchboard. 387-5300.

INTERESTED in starting an automobile repair co-op--Gideon 234-6288.

13 KITTENS and cats--black, white, black & white, FREE. 445-0295.

DAVE-We need badge numbers of pigs who arrested Mike Oct. 3 at museum. Call Switchboard, leave message for Dee.

## sale

Surprise Package-We've got what you want. Get with a new kick. Write to day. Send \$1.00 (one dollar). You won't regret it. c/o Sam, YARA, Box 7167, Wash., D.C. 20044.

A FENDER Jaguar (elect. guit.) excellent condx. \$300. Call person to person to Laurence Beall 301-268-7032.

WANTED: DYLAN'S "Troubled Troubador," "1,000 Miles Behind"; PLASTIC ONO'S "Getting Back & Going on"; STONES' "Detroit"; and other bootlegs. Buy, trade. Write John James, 102 Mt. Pleasant St., Frostburg, Md. 21532.

DOUBLE BED MATTRESS NEEDED with bed and springs if possible. Free or very cheap. Also chest 'o' drawers. Leave message for Deacon at Switchboard, 387-5300.

DRUG KNOWLEDGE: Famous Turn-On Book: How to Synthesize LSD, THC, Psilocybin, Mescaline, more. \$3.00 to Turn-Ons Unlimited, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif., 90028, Dept. 192. Sent in plain envelope. Ecstasy or refund. Share water.

Lost your ID? Blank birth certificates, fill in blanks yourself. Send \$1 to Imperial Imports, Box 3074, Falls Church, Va. 22043.

For Sale--1953 Harley Davidson 45 cu. inch K model. 18,000 miles. \$500. Ask for Larry at 483-8000.

LEGAL HALLUCINOGENS. All new "The Alchemist: The Chemistry of Hallucinogens" is the most complete book of hallucinogens yet offered. All substances described are legal and dosages and effects are given. Includes detailed procedures for Amphetamines, lysergamides, Phenethylamines, Indoles, Cannabinols, Natural Plants, and more. Send \$4:00 to T.O.U., 6311 Yucca St., Dept. 192, Hollywood, Calif., 90028. Ecstasy or refund. Plain envelope. (Both books-this and "Turn-on book" for \$6.00. Quantity rates available.)

I have 50 hand made necklaces. I would like to sell or trade to people on the East Coast. I will trade for weed, etc., or send \$2.50. Money C/o Neptune Love, Box 1301, Santa Cruz, CA 95060.

Attention Male, Female, or Other? Now you too can have your own penis (artificial), big like a bull (9 inches!!), soft like a lover, Flesh color or soul black. Adults only. Only \$7.00 for this beautiful dildo. Send cash, check, or money order to: Imperial Imports, Box 3074, Falls Church, Va. 22043.

Vibrator: 7 inches long, hits the spot! Batteries included. Send \$5.00 to: Imperial imports, Box 3074, Falls Church, Va. 22043.

Bicycle 3 speed black Raleigh Dunelt. 19" mens 2 months old. Paid 60 asking \$45. Nancy 333-2263.

Free clothing mostly womens. If you know some freak or family who needs for \$42 "Microphones" \$50, \$25 each...Guitars. save \$25 to \$45 under capitalistic wholesale cost!

Dumb the money mongers buy underground. Known American maker, fully guaranteed. Hollow body, electric dual pickup. Traditional sunburst finish. 833-2263 Cathy.

ORAL & track cartridge tape deck no amp. \$45. 565-7372 David.

Westinghouse color TV. 23" screen--table model. Gets all channels, excellent condx. \$300 Call 524-2609.

Bed for sale, in good condition. Best offer. Call Gary 462-2250.

BONGS (Bambu pipe) are now being made at the Sunflower Seed by Russ.

LUDWIG SUPER CLASSIC. Complete set. 3 Zildjian, trap case, drum cases and all hardware included. Excellent condx. \$300 or best offer. Call Hart at 548-9065.

GUITAR for sale. \$55, Ariana, 1 yr. old, exc. condx., nylon strings, Bonnie 656-3621.

SELLING ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA 1968 Exc. condx., \$475, Call Bissy after 10pm 338-6081. Also 3 volumes of Webster Int. Dictionary free with purchase of encyclopedia.

AR Speakers for sale. Call 338-9517. Tapes, 1 1/2 hours of groovy music. \$2 apiece. Call Josie at 735-0250.

## work

Sharp open minded women in 30's would like a public relations-type position w/ mature executive. Call Switchboard for S.

Intelligent young man in mid twenties desires position.--has charming telephone manner, types well, competent actor, A.B. English. Call 483-1021 5pm to 7pm weekdays.

JOB NEEDED: Call Chuck after 6:00, if not home, leave message, 232-4373. Blues Band needs good lead & Bass.

Will take anything (instrument that is) This guy has a good voice. Call 887-5194 or 232-4373.

Models wanted (Female) for Argus Pornography contest. No experience needed. Will Split prize money. Call 454-2191. Ask for Elmer.

TEMPORARY JOBS AVAILABLE FOR FREAKS on a day to day basis. Call Switchboard, 387-5300. If you have work for freaks, call also.

Will do motorcycle repairs on all bikes, Harleys to Hondas. Call "Motorcycle" Steve 332-2804. or stop by 1823 S St.

Will do auto repair, VW specialist, call "Auto" Steve 332-2804. Stop by 1823 S St.

Female nude models needed, no experience necessary. \$10 per hour and up. Call Jim, leave message at Switchboard. 387-5300.

NEED A PHOTOGRAPHER? Call Jay, 667-6398, 4-9 pm.

TOGETHER FREAK desperately needs work and place to stay. Tree work is my specialty but will work on, build, or make almost anything. Call John, 7-9pm, at 839-3010.

MODELS available for amateur or professional photographers. For info call 338-9517.

Light moving and hauling. Happy Trucking Co. Reasonable rates. Call Frank 462-4579.

Wanted: female figure model. Not much bread but willing to share chance to make big money 356-3086.

MALE LOOKING for work; nude modeling. Leave message for Kevin Smith at Switchboard.

HELP A KID LEARN TO READ. Join uplift house in home Tutoring Program. Call Barb or Sue 462-0203.

NEEDED SOMEONE to put together regular wholesome meal in exchange for a place to stay. 524-6618.

WANTED: BAND with equipment and good sound to work with singing group, ages 13-16. Leave message for Kevin Smith at Switchboard.

SINGER W/ TALENT and ideas wanted for excellent jazz-rock group doing original. Call 949-9314.

Need Bass Player, Flute, Electric Violin and Keyboard to join Guitarist and drummer. Forming jazz rock abstracts. Call David, 765-2148, or Lance, JE 2-5490.

## housing

roommates or really together guys. I can pay up to \$75 a month. This is not a sex ad. I need an apartment, not a bedmate. If you have room in your apartment or if you're looking for an apt. yourself, leave a message for Bob Scott at Switchboard, 387-5300.

A.U. Student looking for a commune or co-op scene with together people. Call Lani at 333-4089.

PEOPLE INTERESTED in political commune, we need people. Able to live in rough area. Contact Steve at 1602 14th street, NW, from 9a.m. to 3 p.m. or leave a message. Power to the people.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE to move into basement apartment, want somebody with all together head. Leave message with Carson at Switchboard.

WOMAN, 20, needs place to live in commune. Leave message for Ann at Switchboard.

YOUNG GAY, under 30, wanted to share furnished house in Va., 25 mins. from D.C. Call Switchboard, leave message for Tom.

TIRED OF URBAN-SUBURBAN HASSLE? Have estate 1 hr. from D.C. need 4 males or females to share expenses- \$90 per month- reliable and sincere only. Call Joe, 774-4485.

2 WOMEN in need of a place to stay in Washington. Call 893-5968, ask for Linda.

I NEED TO MOVE into an apartment or house in Takoma Park area. Can pay up to \$80 a month. Call 583-8557 or 583-9807 after 6 P.M. Angelo Bernot

Woman in need of place to stay in Washington 893-5968, ask for Linda.

YOUNG GAY GUY needs apartment in Dupont Circle or Georgetown area. Wants to share one, two-, or three bedroom apt. with other guys. Prefer unprejudiced straight or bi-sexual board for S.

## rides

Ride wanted to Los Angeles within 3 weeks. Share expenses & driving. Call NA-8-8845 between 9:15-6:00pm, Mon.-Fri., ask for Mike.

Need ride to Osageo, N.Y. any week-end in October. 462-0203.

Need ride to area around Madison, Wisconsin on or about Oct. 12. Call John, 559-2104, leave message if not at home.

Leaving for Cal. Oct. 11, need riders to share expenses, call Justine 62-3957.

Going South on or about Oct. - anyone need a ride? 582-9022, ask for Willy.



# WHO MAKES THE LAWS THAT SAY A WOMAN IS FORCED TO BEAR A CHILD AGAINST HER WILL? MEN

Abortion is the deliberate termination of an unwanted pregnancy. It should properly be regarded as an extension, or back-up, for contraception techniques. There are only four safe medical abortion techniques:

**DILATION AND CURETTAGE:** The dilation and curettage (D&C) method is generally used only on women who are less than three months pregnant. The doctor first widens the cervical passage by passing a series of gradually larger metal dilators through the cervix. When the cervix is sufficiently dilated, a curette is inserted and the lining of the uterus is gently scraped loose. The D&C is a relatively safe and easy method of abortion-the risk is less than in a full term pregnancy-IF IT IS PERFORMED BY A TRAINED PERSON UNDER STERILE CONDITIONS.

**VACUUM ASPERATION-**This is also generally used only in the first three months of pregnancy. The method operates on the vacuum principle-the internal lining of the uterus is gently pulled away, flows through the aspirator and tubing, and then into a bottle. Again, the method is simple and safe provided it is done by a trained person with the proper equipment.

**SALINE SOLUTION-**This technique is used for later pregnancies. It involves drawing out amniotic fluid from the "water bag" that surrounds the fetus and usually induces a miscarriage within 36 hours. This technique should be performed in a hospital.

**HYSTEROTOMY-**A hysterotomy (not to be confused with a hysterectomy) is a miniature caesarean delivery. It entails cutting through the abdominal and uterine walls and removing the fetus. This is a surgical operation, and must be done in a hospital.

**NO OTHER METHODS OF ABORTION ARE SAFE. THEY CAN RESULT IN INFECTION, SEVERE PAIN, AND DEATH. ABORTIONS MUST BE ONLY PERFORMED BY A COMPETANT MEDICALLY TRAINED PERSON UNDER ANTISEPTIC CONDITIONS.**

Getting an abortion in Maryland and the district of columbia. In the past few years Maryland and the District have passed so-called "liberalized" abortion laws. These laws make it possible for women to obtain abortions for the purpose of either saving the life or protecting the physical or mental health of the mother.

The general procedure for a woman who wishes an abortion on the grounds that pregnancy would endanger her mental health is the following: She first is recommended for an abortion by her gynecologist. She is then referred to one or two psychiatrists for evaluation. If they recommend that the abortion be performed, their recommendation must often be approved by a hospital board. The typical cost is around \$700: \$300 to the doctor doing the operation, \$300 in hospi-

tal fees, and \$150 for psychiatrists. These "liberalized" laws have obvious disadvantages. The cost of the procedure outlined above is clearly prohibitive for poor women. It's cheaper if one uses public health clinic facilities--but here one finds that the privileges of the "liberal" laws disappear. The Public Health department has refused to honor abortion requests on what they call "pseudo-psychiatric" grounds. In truth the psychiatric evaluation is often a game, and doctor and patient know it. However women with private doctors and hospitals are able to get the necessary recommendations, while poor women are not.

The basic thing wrong with both the old and the liberalized laws is that women are not allowed to control their own bodies and determine whether or not they wish to bear a child. That women wish to make this decision themselves is proven by the fact that each year 1.2 million women risk their health and even their lives by having illegal abortions to rid themselves of unwanted pregnancies. Fully 350,000 suffer post-operative complications such as infection, hemorrhaging and sterility.

Despite the horrors forced on women who most resort to illegal abortions, only New York state has a law which, theoretically, permits women abortions on demand. Maryland could have had a similar law, but it was vetoed by Marshmallow Marvin Mandel last spring. D.C.'s law was recently declared unconstitutional, so it now has no abortion law whatever--however D.C. doctors and hospitals are operating as if the law was in effect, so abortion is not granted simply at the request of a woman.

It is the right of every woman to decide whether or not to bear a child. However the issue is broader than the repeal of existing abortion laws--social organization must be based on human needs, not profit. Health care is a national responsibility, and all health services should be free. Only a society offering free abortion to all who desire it will offer women a liberated future.

Abortion counseling is available from Washington Women's Liberation. Call 483-4632 or 232-5145. The Washington Free Clinic also has abortion counseling. Call 965-5476.

Contraceptives can be obtained at Planned Parenthood, Prince Georges Clinic, 4318 Hamilton Street, Hyattsville. (779-6848) Two warnings: some women have found that it was necessary to lie about their marital status at PP; also the organization is apparently not up on the latest research about pill hazards.

Most private gynecologists will not hassle single girls interested in contraception - but avoid older Catholics.



**LET US HELP YOU  
CALL**

**RAP-1D-RESCUE!  
676-7221**

**INFORMATION DRAFT  
& SEX  
ABORTION  
REFERRALS DRUGS  
I.D.**

**OR, JUST TALK**

# Calendar of

Notice! Anyone knowing of any events at schools or anywhere else in the area contact Alexis at Quicksilver, 483-8000, 1736 R St., NW.

## Wed 7

**All Day** - Take a walk along self-guiding nature trails (the "Edge of the Woods" trail has plants & animals in a natural community, the "Woodland" trail has trees & shrubs), Rock Creek Park, Military Rd. & Glover Rd. NW - for info call 381-7367.

**All Day** - "Vibrating World" exhibit of 50 B&W photographic enlargements showing the odd & beautiful effects vibration has on various materials - thru Oct. 11, Arts & Industries Building, Smithsonian Institution.

**All Day** - A series of weekend workshops in existential discovery thru Nov. 29. For more info contact "the Center," Box 157, Syria, Va. 22743, or call (703) 923-4436.

**10:30am** - Spiritual vegetarian lunch daily at the Krishna Consciousness House, 2015 Q St. NW (50¢).

**10:30am & 12:30pm** - The resident puppet theatre of the Smithsonian Institution presents "Pinocchio" - thru Friday, Oct. 9, 3rd floor, Museum of History & Technology.

**7:00pm** - every Mon. & Wed. - if you have any musical ability, audition for the American University coffee house at Leonard Hall, American U.

**8:00pm** - Pipeline coffeehouse, improvisational workshop & live music, Guild Hall, St. Alban's Parish, Mass. Ave. & Wisconsin Ave. NW.

## Thurs 8

**11:45am** - Brint Dillingham on a platform stressing freeing all political prisoners (Brint captured 10,000 votes in the Montgomery Co. primary & shocked the hell out of the ruling class) Room G-755, HEW North building.

**8:00pm** - All those interested in Gay Liberation Front newcomers' meetings every Thurs. at 1620 S St. NW - for further info call Joan or Bill at 265-2181.

**8:30pm** - Juilliard string quartet - Coolidge Auditorium, Library of Congress, (tomorrow also) for further info call 393-4463.

## Fri 6

**All Day** - Serve the people by trucking on down to the Free Clinic... they need volunteers to help clean and on their medical staff - in the basement of the Georgetown Lutheran Memorial Church, Wisconsin Ave. & Volta St.

**11:00am** - Attend "Hurray for Trees" - a lively exploration of the wonders of green plants - in the auditorium at Rock Creek Park, Military & Glover Rds. NW, for info call 381-7367.

**8:00pm** - Movie - "Rush to Judgment" - a plea for the defense of Lee Harvey Oswald and a critique of the Warren Commission's report, based on Mark Lane's book, full of flaws which D'Antonio & Lane see in the official report. 429 L'Enfant Plaza SW - ticket info: 554-3000.

# cheap Sat 10

**All Day** - "The Influence of Rembrandt on 19th Century Landscape Prints" - National Gallery of Art, 6th & Constitution Ave. NW, thru Nov. 30.

**10:30am** - Spiritual vegetarian lunch daily at the Krishna Consciousness House, 2015 Q St. NW (50¢).

**3:00pm** - Movie - "Fort Apache" - a rootin'-tootin' wild west show, chock full of Indians & cavalry, dust & desert scenery. Come watch the racist cavalry troops get wiped out by the Apaches. 429 L'Enfant Plaza SW, ticket info: 554-3000.

**7:30pm** - A new place to go! A.U.'s coffeehouse's grand opening - Leonard Hall, A. U.

**8:30pm** - Paul Mauriat & orchestra - Constitution Hall, for info call 393-4433.

## Sun 11

**2:00pm** - 1-3 hour walk on "Local Indians" led by Maurice Sullivan, Rock Creek Park, Military & Glover Rds. NW - for info call 381-7367.

**2:00pm** - Join the park ranger for a 2-3 hr. hike thru Rock Creek or Glover Archibold Parks - meet at the Nature Center.

**2:30pm** - Women's meeting every Sunday at 1620 S St. - for further info call Joan at 265-2181.

**3:00pm** - Van Cliburn will appear at Constitution Hall, call 393-4433 for further info.

**3:00pm & 8:00pm** - Movie - "The Best Animated Films/Program II (1970)" - 429 L'Enfant Plaza SW - info call 554-3000.

**4:00pm** - Opulent festival & feast at the Krishna Consciousness House - 2015 Q St. NW.

## Mon 12

**All Day** - "50th Anniversary of Women's Suffrage" exhibit in Manuscript reading room, 3rd floor, Annex building, Library of Congress thru Oct. 31

**7:00 p.m.** - every Mon. & Wed. audition for A.U. Coffeehouse - Leonard Hall, American University.

**7:30 p.m.** - Arnold Mass "Windows on America" - a literary presentation in Coolidge Auditorium, Library of Congress.

**8:00 p.m.** - movie; "Image, flesh, and voice" a non-story telling feature film about men & women, candidly revealing their relationships. A lot of visual & sound - good for stoned-out heads. 429 L'enfant plaza s.w. ticket info: 554-3000.

**8:30 p.m.** - Pipeline coffeehouse in Guild Hall, St. Alban's Parish, Mass. & Wisconsin Ave's. N.W.

## Tues 13

**All Day** - see your future narcs at 1415 eye st., Narcotics training center.

**All Day** - Call women's liberation to find out about local meetings & info. 232-5145

**8:00 p.m.** - Gay Liberation front meeting at 1041 Wisconsin Ave. N.W.

# thrills Wed 14

**8:00 p.m.** - movie: "Dynamite Chicken" far-out head film - a collage of graphic animation, live action, old newsreels & film clips, music, dance, guerrilla theatre, & poetry. Artists include Joan Baez, Ace Trucking Co., Al Kooper, Velvet Underground, Andy Warhol, Lenny Bruce, Malcom X, Shanna-na, Allen Ginsberg, Al Capp (pig!), Peter Max, Muddy Waters Blues Band, Cat Mother, Jimi Hendrix, representatives of the Black Panther Party, the Mattachine Society, the Nixon administration, & the Ecumenical Council - to name a few - Good trip! 429 L'enfant plaza s.w. - ticket info: 554-3000.

**All Day** - a series of weekend workshops in existential discovery thru Nov. 29. For more info contact "the Center," Box 157, Syria, Va, 22743, or call (703) 923-4436.

**1:30 p.m.** - informal concert using museum collection of instruments, Hall of Musical Instruments, Museum of History & Technology, Smithsonian Institution.

**8:30 p.m.** - Pipeline coffeehouse, improvisational workshop & live music - Guild Hall, St. Alban's Parish, Mass. & Wisconsin Aves. N.W..

## Thurs 15

**All Day** - U.N. day exhibit in honor of 25th anniversary of the U.N. Great Hall, 1st floor, Main building, Library of Congress thru Oct. 23

**11:00 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.** - Creative screen "Labyrinth," and "Hobby" (the everlasting war of the sexes). National Collection of fine Arts - Smithsonian Institution.

**11:45 a.m.** - David Aiken of Gay Liberation Front to speak Room G-755 H.E.W. building (north bldg.)

**8:00 P.M.** - all those interested in Gay Liberation Front-newcomer's meetings every Thursday at 1620 S st. for further info call Joan or Bill at 265-2181.

## Fri 16

**All Day** - serve the people by trucking on down to the free clinic... they need volunteers to help clean & on their medical staff - in the basement of the Georgetown Lutheran Memorial Church, Wisconsin Ave. & Volta St.

**8:00p.m.** - Movie: "In the Year of the Pig" a great attack on the American Imperialist policies in Viet Nam. Contains a lot of good historical footage, interviews, speeches by political leaders, etc., including W. W. II General Patton's son bragging of his soldiers as a "bloody good bunch of killers" - right on film! 429 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W. ticket info 554-3000.

**8:30p.m.** - LADO, the Yugoslav National dance & folk ensemble, will give one performance at Constitution Hall. call 393-4433 for further info.

